

COUNTRY LIFE

ILLUSTRATED.

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

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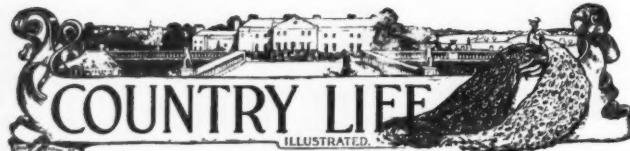
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Photo, LAFAYETTE.

LADY MUSGRAVE AND CHILD.

179, New Bond Street.



CHE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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OLD HALLOWE'EN
CUSTOMS.

THE mirthful usages connected with Hallowe'en, which older generations kept up in earnest, and are now being revived in a spirit of pleasant burlesque, no doubt originated in the fact that agricultural operations used to come to a standstill in October. When "the oldest inhabitant" wishes to impress you with a due sense of what a bad year was, he declares it was Hallow Eve and the corn still was standing. "Ist'nna Hallowmass noo, and the crapoot yet!" exclaims the goodwife in "Brownie of Blednock." Unless the year were exceptionally wet, however, by that time the stacks were all neatly built and covered in the stackyard. Our forefathers did not begin, as we do, to plough up the stubbles almost before the leading is over. The nights, too, were growing long, and autumnal rains made roads that never were too good altogether in passable. It was the beginning of winter, and old and young

compelled to turn from the busy occupations of summer, sought now for amusement wherewith to pass the dark evenings.

There is not a better account of old Hallowe'en customs published than is contained in the well-known poem of Burns; but it may be of interest to describe how the evening used to be spent in an old-fashioned English farmhouse within the memory of those who are not yet past middle age. Picture to yourself, then, a homestead as it used to be before agriculture became so very scientific, and before depression had squeezed all the merriment out of its inmates. As dusk falls, it presents a mixture of mud and comfort. A few belated ducks are squatting in the dirty horse-pond which lies close to the substantial thatched farmhouse. Near by is the stackyard, full of large round ricks bulging in the middle, and roofed with a neatness now gone out of fashion. A large, ill-tended, careless, happy-looking garden stretches away from the door, and leads to a straggling orchard, for these were days when the wheat grower looked with contempt upon the small returns to be obtained from fruit and vegetables. Still, there are enough and to spare for home use. From the kitchen, indeed, comes a pleasing odour of roast apples. They are for the children who are now hastening from school, and who have a light entertainment of their own before the serious business of the night begins. The tempting fruit is set afloat in a tub of cold water, and the youngsters are required to catch an apple with the mouth, in the attempt getting many a douche that gives rise to laughter. There is also an ingenious arrangement by which apples and candles are hung from the great oak beam. After the strings have been duly twisted, they naturally whirl round with astonishing rapidity, and the joke is when a boy or a girl, endeavouring to snap an apple with the teeth, only succeeds in obtaining a mouthful of candle. But though the servants, red-faced, jolly, simple maids, do not fail to attend to this, they are preoccupied with anticipations of what is to follow. They are as full of sentiment and superstition as can be, and to them it is a well-known fact that this is, as it were, the opening night of the season for all manner of ghosts, fairies, warlocks, and witches. I remember to this day the expression of a stout, good-natured cook, named Kate, as she placed two nuts on the bar of the open grate, and whispered the names Andrew and Kate. She evidently imagined it was said softly, but her strong voice would not modulate to a coo, and the syllables could be distinctly heard. Her broad smile was worth seeing if Andrew and Kate burned away quietly together, like a man and wife jogging through their brief life under the sun, but if Andrew fizzled and burst and jumped away, though she would declare it was but "a fule thing" or "a bairn's play," her chagrin was visible. Country maids may try to conceal it, but they have as much belief in omens to-day as they had a hundred years ago.

While the preliminary amusements were on foot, the young men were holding a confabulation in the harness-room. It was a favourite meeting-place, because a fire was burned there all the winter, and the groom was always busy polishing something or another, while the light of his candle sparkled on the steel spurs and stirrups and bridles that adorned the wall. Andrew, the shepherd who submitted to Kate's admiration with droll resignation, and the ploughboy were in deep consultation, and the sceptical farmer, when told of any miraculous appearances on Hallowe'en, was perhaps thinking of them when he replied with a dry laugh. Once, for instance, when the fat cook went out timidly in the moonlight to sow hemp-seed, and had tremblingly said the magical words, "Hemp-seed, I sow thee; hemp-seed, I sow thee; and him that is to be my true love, come after and pull thee," she looked over her shoulder, and there, grinning in the moonlight, she saw not Andrew, but the drunken village saddler. She fled in terror, for the saddler, though well on in the fifties, was a bachelor, and one whose favourite jest was that he meant to marry her. Kate would certainly have gone into a consumption if the ironical farmer had not explained that she had been sowing turnip-seed all the time, and no doubt the Father of Evil had sent this apparition as a punishment. Besides, later on, when eating an apple and combing her hair before a looking-glass in the right orthodox manner, wherein there could be no deception, she saw, as plain as plain could be, the reflection of her own swain. Indeed, this is quoted by the maids to this day as a signal proof of the efficacy of this charm, since not long after the couple were united, and (*Eheu fugaces!* that was many a year ago) a good half-dozen of the robust sons and daughters were this year working in the harvest-field. Lucky was the Hallowe'en that brought forth no more painful incident. One year both lads and lasses were nearly terrified out of their wits. They had gone into the garden to pull the cabbage "rauts," and were all laughing and joking, pretending a disbelief they did not really feel. It was a pale, cloudy moonlight, just dark enough to prevent anyone noticing when Jock's arm went round Jenny's waist to soothe and support her. As the men who came to the house were all more or less sweethearts of the maids, it was not seldom insinuated that the semi-obsolete observances were kept up mostly for the sake of the opportunities for courtship which they afforded. In daylight one and all scoffed at

there being anything in them; but this night, in the very midst of their frivolity, lo! a tall, white figure rose above the hedge, and sank with a heart-rending groan. One of the boldest youths tried to bluster and vow it was a make-believe, but even he was horror-struck at the self-evident agony of that cry, and when once more that awful figure loomed slowly up, and then sank again with a moan as of a spirit in agony, the whole company turned and fled. It was all too real. They could account for every soul on the farm, and this was the outcome of no plot hatched in the harness-room. The wonder is that the men summoned up courage enough to steal away to their own quarters. No maid would have put her head out of window that night for a pension. Nor did the farmer himself ever jest about the occurrence. Next morning, at the very spot where the apparition was seen, an old white gelding that had borne him to market many a day, and now lived a pensioner in the orchard, was found dead. It was a strange coincidence, and helped to build up the gruesome traditions that all right-minded persons associate with Hallowe'en—that night when the powers of darkness are allowed to assume a brief sovereignty.



FROM every point of view the early death of Mr. Gleeson White is a lamentable event, and to us it is a source of peculiarly poignant sorrow, for the writer upon art and kindred subjects who is lost to us was a highly-valued contributor to these columns, and his death leaves uncompleted a brief series of articles which must be finished by another hand. The article on Lavenham Village which appeared a short time ago was his work, and the MS.—we well remember—bore traces of rare care and polish. Mr. Gleeson White lived in or about the New Forest before he came to London to make a name and to be among the foremost pioneers of an artistic movement which has had great results. He was a versatile and many-sided man, and warmly beloved by his friends and acquaintance. His most influential work was accomplished as art editor to Messrs. George Bell and Sons, as editor of the *Studio*, of the "Ex Libris" and "Connoisseur" series, and anonymously; and his artistic influence upon his generation was very strong. But his signed contributions to literature were marked by variety of intellectual interest and correct taste. "Letters to Eminent Hands," a series of very clever parodies, came to be known as his, and attracted merited attention, and his monograph on Salisbury Cathedral is appreciative, learned, and tasteful. Much other work, all thorough and all marked by exquisite taste, he achieved in the course of his forty-seven years of strenuous life. We mourn his loss with no common sorrow, and we cannot but notice the irony of fate which ordained that an earnest and useful man should fall a victim to a deadly disease contracted during a well-earned holiday.

British agriculture loses a supporter and a guide in Mr. W. C. Little, of Stag's Holt, March, Cambridgeshire, who died on Thursday of last week. His reputation and his good work extended far beyond the county in which he farmed to the end, and his knowledge of the conditions of farming in various counties was unmatched. For three years he served the Duke of Richmond's Commission as assistant-commissioner; the Agricultural Department frequently engaged him as umpire; he reported to the Labour Commission on the agricultural labourer; and he was an active member of the Royal Commission on Agriculture. Few men have written so many parts of so many Blue Books, and what he wrote was always worth reading. He was a man of remarkable intelligence and thorough public spirit. He will be sorely missed.

The recent trials in Yorkshire have given fresh interest to all the antiquarian lore concerning the bloodhound. A contemporary, for example, makes the following extract from the "Diary of a Gentleman of Fashion" of the date 1725:—"Monday S'enight went to Ranelagh, and following day went to Kennington-common to see a tryal of bludhounds that are to be sent to the Low Countries to track Criminals. One dogg scented true, but the other was scarce so satisfactory. Saw numerous noblemen and people of fashion there, including the gentleman of quality I became acquainted with in the Park, and to whom I lost a wager of five guineas through the bludhound I favoured being so wrong in the nose." This extract is useful as tending to show that so long ago as 1725 the idea of running a foot scent simply was not unknown, for there is no mention of blood.

Side by side with this the words of worthy Dr. Caius, who flourished in the sixteenth century, are worth recalling. Of "the bloudhound" he tells us that it is useful to track wounded deer or their poachers; that it is kept "in close and dark channels (kennels)"—a most reprehensible plan—in the daytime, but let loose at night, "to the intent that it myght with more courage and boldnesse practise to follow the felon in the evening and solitary hours of darknesse, when such ill-disposed varlots are principally purposed to play theyr impudent pageants and impudent pranckes."

The meeting of show officials, to which allusion has already been made, was held at the Dairy Show last week, and, as was generally expected, it was decided that it is desirable that an Association of Agricultural and Horse Shows should be formed. At present there appears to be a disinclination on the part of those who attended the meeting to publish a full report of their proceedings, and doubtless this resolution is a wise one, as not all the officials who attended were formally accredited representatives of their shows, but some came in a private capacity. At the same time, it may be stated that the most perfect unanimity of opinion prevailed, and that some forty or fifty letters were read from officials who sympathised with the idea of holding the meeting, but were unable to be there in person. Meanwhile, Mr. Vero Shaw, the manager of the Crystal Palace Horse Show, has been entrusted with the duty of communicating the opinion of the meeting to the officials of the many shows held in the United Kingdom, and has been also requested to make arrangements for the gathering which it was decided should take place in the Cattle Show week.

At the general meeting of the British Dairy Farmers' Association held last week at the Agricultural Hall, the serious attention of those present was directed to the danger both to the agricultural industry and the health of the public arising from the extensive importation of foreign milk. As Professor James Long pointed out, there is no possibility of ignoring the risks run through the absence of satisfactory legislation dealing with such questions as colouring and mixing imported milk; and until such doctoring of French milk was prohibited by law, and the article was labelled as foreign when retailed to the public, neither the British farmer nor the consumer would be fairly dealt with. This certainly sounds like reasonable argument, especially when it is remembered that everything asked for in the way of placing restrictions upon the adulteration of foreign milk has been granted in the case of margarine, the law in connection with the latter article being explicit and reasonable. Nor can the demands of the British dairy farmer be regarded with indifference by the public, as the dangers to health which may result from imbibing impure milk, and the facility with which the lacteal fluid can communicate diseases such as scarlatina from one establishment to another, are generally recognised. It consequently appears absurd and inconsistent to subject British dairies to strict control, when a free hand is given to the foreigner to mix or colour his milk as much as he desires.

Something has been written lately in these pages about harvest customs. There is one that may be dying out now, namely, the "Crying the Neck," which used to be common in Devon and some other counties. At the crisis, so to say, of the harvest in Devon, the hind (as the bailiff in those parts was called) would seize some stalks of corn and cut their heads off, and as he did so he and the labourers round would sing these words (if it was not song it was a cheerful noise):—

"We've a-ploughed and we've a-sowed,
We've a-reap and we've a-mowed,
We've a-do
And well enew,
Neck ! Neck ! Neck ! Neck !"

More than thirty years have passed since the writer heard that song and saw that sight in Devon, but those were the words, unless memory is playing pranks. The ceremony is supposed to be Pagan in origin, and to symbolise something about the Spirit of Corn. Another performance connected (accidentally, perhaps) with a harvest home in Devon was a certain dance on the part of a labourer which followed the festival, whose chief feature was cream pasties. Suddenly a man leapt upon a table, and standing on his head, figured with his feet, so to say, the room being low, upon the ceiling.

The whole course of the Atbara River, from the point where it leaves the Abyssinian Highlands to the Nile, is the finest country for big game left in the Soudan. It was there that the tribes of hunting Arabs, who pursued the big game with two-handed swords and mounted on trained horses, lived and exercised their heroic form of sport and business before the fall of Egyptian dominion at Khartoum. Almost their sole game were the rhinoceros, elephant, and giraffe, all of which they would ride down and bring to the ground by hamstringing the hind leg with their immense Crusaders' swords. Sir Samuel Baker's sport on

the Atbara, described in his work on the "Nile Tributaries," was pursued largely in company with these wild horsemen, and in the dense jungle of nabruk thorns, of which the Emir Mahmud made his zareba, he shot lions enough to satisfy the most eager hunter of to-day.

Later the Hamran Arabs became keen hands at collecting wild beasts for export to Europe, and established a regular business with the importers of such animals in Europe. Caravans of young lions, leopards, rhinoceroses, hyenas, baboons, and other beasts were regularly sent down to the coast. The elephants and other great beasts were only killed for ivory or shield leather, and in no great number, owing to their primitive method of hunting and the fewness of their personal wants, which were easily satisfied. Consequently the game was never exterminated or diminished. They opposed the Mahdi, and Mr. Hagenbeck, who had regular dealings with them, always maintained that he could have raised enough first-class troops among them to hold Kassala Province. Then a mysterious illness attacked the tribes and killed off the greater number. The result is that there is now more big game on the Atbara than in Somaliland itself. It is to be hoped that means will be taken to preserve it.

The introduction of the Rainbow trout into the waters of the beauteous lakes of Westmeath has been a matter of much discussion amongst the members of the Association for the Preservation of Loughs Ennel, Owel, and Derravaragh. Considering the magnificent brown trout, some of them up to and even over zoll., which have from time to time been taken in these waters, there was a conservative feeling against a change, especially when it is known that there are still plenty of big fish lurking in these lakes. But owing to a superabundance of food, it is found of late years that these trout are very bad risers, and consequently sport has fallen off very much. The Rainbows have the reputation of being very free and eager fish, and it was thought that by their introduction sport would be much enhanced. Another argument advanced in their favour was that they would not interbreed with the trout indigenous to the lakes. Last week a consignment of 1,000 Rainbows was turned into Lough Owel, and 500 into Lough Ennel (Belvedere). These fish were from the new trout farm at Stabannon, County Louth, established by Mr. W. H. Armistead a short time ago. The experiment will be eagerly watched, and there will be much curiosity to know if the Rainbows keep up their reputation as free risers, or whether, with a plethora of feed, they degenerate into the sluggish habits of the brown lake trout.

The appearance of *Les Boxeurs Francais* at the Alhambra is scarcely likely to effect a revolution in the accepted principles of the British art of self-defence. At the same time there can be no denying the fact that there is a decided element of novelty in their appearance, as no doubt only a small percentage of Alhambra audiences have seen *le boxe* so scientifically illustrated. Moreover the insular prejudices of our countrymen are delicately handled by the gentleman who introduces the competitors, for he is particularly careful to impress upon those present that he and his compatriots have no desire to suggest improvements in the methods of British sparrings, but that their sole object is to show us how the people in France protect themselves upon an emergency. It is therefore only necessary to refer to the *séance* of *Les Boxeurs Francais* as an interesting novelty of a semi-sporting nature, which very possibly will attract good audiences of those interested in the art of self-defence to the Alhambra. At the same time it is improbable that the methods of our visitors will commend themselves to British sportsmen, especially as it is impossible for the competitors to let themselves go upon the boards of a theatre. No doubt some smart foot-fighting was seen, and some ugly kicks administered, but the general opinion expressed at the dress rehearsal on Monday was, that in an all-in rough-and-tumble encounter a good exponent of the Hooligan cult—a class which may be accepted as the only British foot-fighters—would be quite able to hold his own with the more graceful *Boxeur Francais*.

As long as a fortnight or more before the great tennis match between Latham and Pettitt we found, not without a little dismay, that the few tickets remaining were at the price of £5 each. No one will deny that the exhibition of the game that Latham gave was in every way worth the money. After the early stages, although Pettitt is known to be a fine "stayer" and to have lots of pluck, the result did not seem to hang in evenly-balanced scales. Pettitt's famous "railroad" service seemed but a sort of South Eastern local train in Latham's dealing with it. He not only returned it easily, but even severely, and seemed able to place it at his pleasure. He even dealt in the same masterful manner with many of those "forces" for the openings which have made Pettitt's name one of terror, and his length and severity of cut on the floor were worthy of the older and more classical style of tennis. Against this combination of force and accuracy Pettitt had little chance. He

showed his old remarkable activity in returning seemingly impossible strokes, but it was scarcely a match. For all that it was a game which produced a brilliancy of quick return and forceful tennis quite strange to the older school, while at the same time it yielded nothing to the best of that school in style and science. Finally it was most exciting tennis to watch—tennis with all the excitement that more peculiarly belongs to the quicker game of racquets. There seems no doubt, in the minds of those whose opinions are worth having, that Peter Latham is the finest master of tennis that ever lived, combining the accuracy of the old school with a force that is quite new.

The drought has come to an end, and the country is looking at its loveliest, dressed as it is in its autumn tints. The weather has been singularly mild, and after the rains a growth is taking place all around which reminds us rather of spring than autumn. The leaves are still on the trees, and the pastures are resuming their normal appearance. There may yet be a chance for a bit of autumn feed. Potatoes and mangold wurzel have been got up with the minimum of trouble and expense. There is no doubt but that a large breadth of wheat will be sown this year, owing to the outlook of foreign affairs. Indeed it would be possible to double our home growth of wheat very easily. Much of the strong land which has been laying itself down to rough pasture during the past twenty years, and has been storing up nitrogen for future use, would now grow good crops of wheat for a year or two.

From the time when Adam delved until now, gardeners and farmers have waged ineffectual war against the common dock, which was supposed to be of no use save for assuaging the smart following upon imprudent contact with the stinging-nettle. But the dock, thanks to Providence, has survived; and it appears that we have cast away incalculable treasures in the past. The authorities of the Colonial College at Hollesley, which is in Suffolk, have had their attention directed to the canaire, or Californian dock, which is largely imported by reason of the tannic acid it contains, and fetches from £10 to £20 per ton. Experiments have been made; it has been found that the roots are the source of the glucoside, and that the common Suffolk dock, while inferior in yield to the Californian, being represented by 21 per cent. as compared to 36 per cent., is still infinitely superior to oak bark. This news, which we should like to see confirmed, is good for bad farmers and for lovers of sound oak timber. This last statement is made in the belief that the looseness of fibre characteristic of modern oak is mainly due to the practice of felling the trees when the sap is up and the bark in best condition for stripping. If docks will serve better, exit oak bark; for, without cultivation, there are docks enough to serve the needs of the universe.

"Under the greenwood tree" is a frequent and hackneyed phrase for *al fresco* entertainment, but lately at Cliveden Mr. W. Astor gave a dinner which might be correctly described as "under the greenwood, and on the redwood, tree." This remarkable dinner-party had its origin in a bet, made by Mr. Astor with General Owen Williams, that he would dine twenty-seven people round a table made of the trunk of one of the "big trees" of California. The bet was for £500, and though Mr. Astor won it, it is not likely that a big balance of profit would remain to him after the cost of bringing the section of the trunk home (whether from the Yosemite, or from that more southern valley of the Rockies in King County where, we are assured, the trees grow even bigger than in the Yosemite) and setting it down at Cliveden, where it had its top polished to the conventional mahogany lustre before it was deemed worthy to play its final part in the drama's *dénouement*. A marquee was pitched over it as it stood in the Cliveden grounds. It remained then only to "dine" the twenty-seven people—it is said that they had comfortable elbow-room—and the wager was won. Even if little profit remained on the £500, we may be very sure that it was jealousy for the honour of the "big trees" of his native land that mainly inspired Mr. Astor to the bet, and to its ...ing, and that he will have pleasure enough in its satisfaction. And, after all, it is all good for trade.

Our Portrait Illustration.

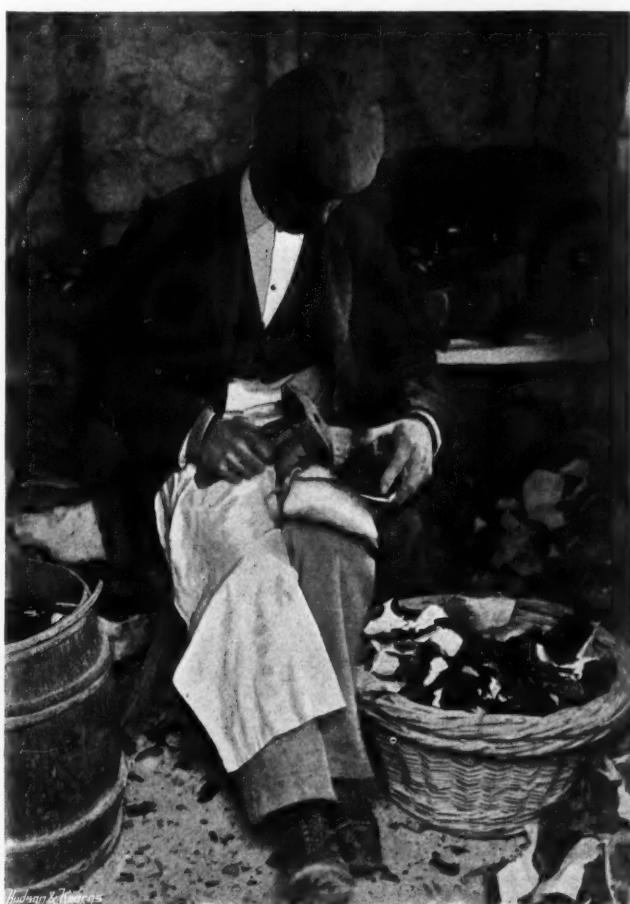
LADY MUSGRAVE, whose portrait forms our frontispiece, is the wife of Sir Richard John Musgrave, fifth Baronet of Tourin, Cappoquin, County Waterford, Ireland. She has two daughters—Joan Moira, born in 1892, and Dorothy Frances, born in 1894—of whom one is shown in the picture. She is the daughter of the Hon. J. Dunmuir, of Craigdarroch, Victoria.



ON the banks of the Little Ouse, beloved of the coarse fisherman, right on the dividing line between the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, lies the thriving town of Brandon. Curious indeed is the contrast between the two industries for which Brandon is best known. The one the preparation of rabbit skins for the manufacture of felt hats, a thoroughly up-to-date process by which no fragment of the skin is wasted, demanding the use of the most recent machinery for its economical working—steam-driven knives for “sliping” off the fur, steam-driven guillotines for reducing the apparently useless and entirely unsightly pelt into strips like thin string, for the manufacture of size and glue; steel-wire scratch-brushes and modern chemicals and dyes to turn the dull grey rabbit skin to the colour and almost the texture of Alaskan seal; and a host of other machines and materials which only the perfected ingenuity of the nineteenth century could provide. Side by side with this exists perhaps the oldest industry in the world—the manufacture, or perhaps more properly the shaping, of flint into articles of use. To walk from the busy factory with one’s ears filled with the ceaseless whirr of machinery into the quiet workshops where with patient skill and ceaseless tapping the flint is chipped—“knapped” is the proper term—to the required size and form, seems almost like stepping out of history’s back-door into the dim and unrecorded past, when our ancestors daubed themselves with woad, and clothed themselves, if indeed they dressed at all, with the skins of beasts slain with arrows or spears tipped with the very same material that is to-day being worked up in the shops we are about to visit.

The practical monopoly which Brandon enjoys in the flint

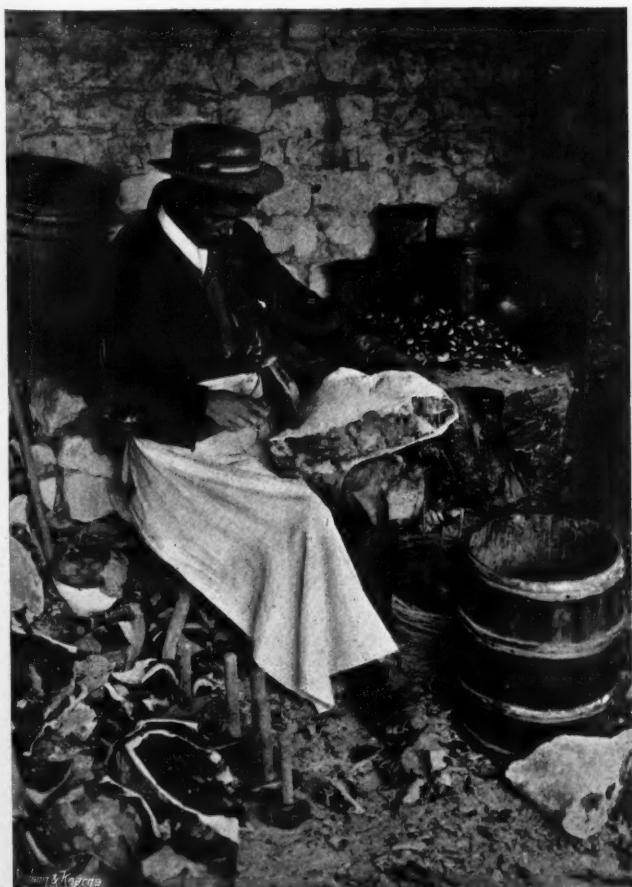
industry is due in a very large measure, if not entirely, to the overwhelming superiority of the raw material found in its immediate neighbourhood. Most of the flint comes from Ling Heath, a short distance off, and is delivered just as it is dug from the chalk, in huge, unwieldy, shapeless blocks. Let us follow one of these blocks from its delivery to the “knapper” to the time when, after being riven into a thousand pieces, all neatly shaped, it is sent to the uttermost ends of the earth to kindle the warming fire in places where safety matches and “phossy jaw” are



C. Hussey.

FLAKING.

Copyright



C. Hussey.

QUARTERING.

Copyright

unknown, or perhaps to discharge the villainous saltpetre from a matchlock supplied to its savage owner by the enterprise of modern Birmingham for purposes of war or the chase.

The first process through which the flint goes is known as QUARTERING. His knee covered with a heavy pad, the workman places the rough flint upon it, and with smart but skilfully-directed blows from a heavy hammer splits it up into smaller pieces. Our illustration shows a piece of flint being thus broken up, and in the corner will be seen some of the lumps which have been broken off it. One would think that the last place to look for moisture would be in the centre of a lump of flint which for thousands of years has lain embedded feet below the surface in a stratum of chalk, but as a matter of fact the contrary is the case, and the interior frequently “sweats” so much that it is necessary to dry it thoroughly before commencing the next process. This is called FLAKING. With a smaller and somewhat differently shaped hammer the broken pieces are chipped into triangular flakes, very roughly approximating to the

size of the finished gun-flints. A glance at the pieces in the basket will explain better than a column of description what is meant. Then comes the process of "knapping" proper, a process demanding great skill and experience. The rough flake is taken, and with a flat hammer sharpened at both ends —here again a reference to the photograph will explain matters—the ends are chipped off, the trimming necessary to bring the flint to its proper size and shape is given, the edge is bevelled to fit the gun or tinder-box, and the finished flint is ready to be packed for export.

Knapping looks so easy, but in reality it is most difficult. The visitor who tries it will be lucky if he escapes with nothing worse than a badly bruised thumb or cut finger; he may rest assured he will not make any impression on the flint. Indeed the knapper, like the poet, *nascitur non fit*, and the business is confined to a few families, of which the Fields, the Snares, and the Carters are the best known, whose members for generations have followed the business. To

make a "knapper" he must be caught very young, or it is a hopeless case; indeed, if he have not the knapping ability born in him, no amount of teaching will give the necessary skill. The two knappers whose photographs are here reproduced are the present representatives of the old-established firm of Isaac Field and Sons, and it should be noted that they are not posed, but photographed indoors in their workshops while actually at work.

But, it may well be asked, what becomes of all these flints; where is a market to be found for them? This is a question which even the knappers themselves seem hardly able to answer. Reliable statistics of the trade are not available, but from the price realised by the finished article, it is obvious that the yearly output must be reckoned in millions, or it would be impossible for so many to make a living at it. Many are used with a tinder-box for getting a light in moist climates, like that of Ceylon, where matches would soon spoil. Others, again, are fitted to old-fashioned muskets, and some are used for other purposes. The more one considers the subject the greater the puzzle becomes, as a flint does not wear out in a day. Perhaps, after all, the most astonishing thing in these days of cheap matches and percussion caps is that flint knapping should



C. Hussey.

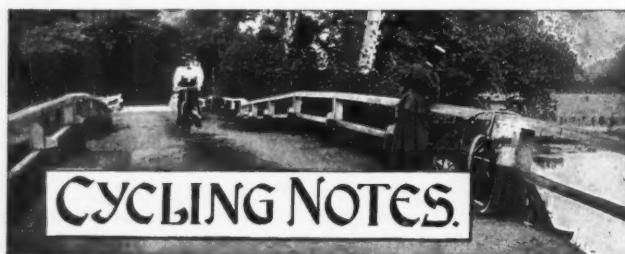
KNAPPING AND FLAKING.

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flourish or even survive amongst the industries of English country life.

There is an erroneous idea that many of the existing flint arrow-heads and other prehistoric weapons are spurious modern imitations, but this is not so. In the first place, as Mr. Field explained, no respectable knapper would lend himself to such a deception, and in the second place the old flint work is so infinitely superior that no one who had ever seen a genuine specimen would be likely to be taken in by a modern forgery. By what process the old axes, knives, arrow-heads, etc., of the flint age were manufactured is not known. They had no iron or steel tools in those days, but they knew the art, now almost lost, of fashioning flint, and with all the appliances of to-day at their disposal, modern workmen freely confess the superiority of their savage predecessors. Modern arrow-heads can be purchased, it is true, but they bear the same relation to the perfect workmanship of the ancients that a penny toy watch does to a forty-guinea chronometer. The ancients used a pick-axe of stag horn for the purpose of digging flints. Singularly enough, the identical shape still survives, but the pick is of iron and the haft of ash.

CHARLES HUSSEY.



CYCLING NOTES.

THE Touring Club de France, which enrols in its ranks all classes of travellers, whether cyclists or otherwise, takes cognisance of many matters, such as ballooning and automobilism, which are outside the province of our own Cyclists' Touring Club. Even in cycling matters the Touring Club de France occasionally takes upon itself to interfere in one direction or another which appear somewhat strange to English eyes. An example of this kind is afforded in the number of the club's *Revue Mensuelle* to hand, wherein is published some correspondence which has taken place between the executive and General Zurlinden, the Minister of War. The club, it seems, invited the General to consider the advisability of mounting a number of the *gendarmerie* on cycles, according to the practice already in force in the United States, in Switzerland, and in Alsace-Lorraine; it might even have added in England. General Zurlinden, who, I believe, is himself a cyclist, has replied in approving terms. He is not as yet, he says, convinced of the desirability of the suggested course, but is willing to put it to the test, in two *légions départementales*, for the period of one year, before coming to a final decision. The necessary instructions are to be despatched at once to the commanders, and the experiment will be begun as soon as the necessary machines have been placed at their disposal. The legions chosen are the 3rd and 11th. There is no doubt that the cycle may be made a valuable auxiliary to a police force, and good should accrue from this action on the part of the Touring Club de France, however peculiar the notion may appear of a touring club concerning itself with the police administration of the country.

Mention of France, by the way, recalls a curious experience which a cyclist relates in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*. He had a side-slip in the Boulevard Malesherbes, necessitating a visit to a repairer's. The latter undertook to do the job for 4fr., and the cyclist left his machine accordingly. In due course he called for it, but the repairer now demanded 6fr. instead of the price agreed upon. "I naturally expostulated," the cyclist writes, "the more so as his manner was none of the politest. Imagine my surprise, then, when he skipped to the door, locked it, put the key in his pocket, and declared that neither I nor my bicycle should leave the place before he had been paid his 6fr. By this time his language had become sulphuric and decidedly personal. I afterwards learnt that nothing would have delighted him more than for me to strike him, but that is too old a dodge, even for me. Notwithstanding his rudeness, and the extortionate nature of his demand, I thought it the best policy to pay up, when, upon expressing my willingness to do this, the rogue declared that it was then too late to settle it so cheaply: now he would not take less than 20fr.! This was too much, and I staunchly declined to pay a sou more than 6fr. A policeman was sent for, and we all went off to the Commissariat. Unluckily I followed the 'agent's' advice, and left my machine at the shop; this was imprudent, for upon arriving at the police station the secretary coolly informed me that the police could do nothing, and that the only means to recover my bicycle was to sue the man before the *ju' e de paix*. The next day I took counsel of the Touring Club, and, upon their recommendation, sent the repairer 6fr. by registered letter, at the same time calling upon him to restore me my wheel. Instead, he pocketed my 6fr. and promptly assigned me before the *ingé de paix* for the remaining 14fr., alleging that a price of 20fr. had been agreed upon at the outset." To cut a long story short, the cyclist was eventually able to sustain his claim and obtain judgment, though after numerous hearings and at considerable expense. English cyclists who may find themselves under the necessity of visiting a repairer in the French capital would do well to take warning by this experience and have an independent witness on hand. In the case referred to the cyclist was accompanied by his wife, but her testimony was not accepted by the courts.

Cyclists who have taken their machines much by rail have long noticed the superiority of the London and South Western Company's method of issuing tickets as compared with other companies'. For years past the South Western cycle ticket has been issued on the zone system, and the name of the station to

which the rider may be traveling has not been recorded, but the ultimate distance to which the ticket is available. Hence, if in the train he has changed his mind, owing to rain or delay to the train, and has decided to go a few miles further, he has not been surcharged on his machine at his journey's end provided he has not exceeded the distance for which he paid. On other lines, however, if a man has paid a shilling, say, for a journey of twenty-six miles, and decided to travel a further twenty, he has been liable to a surcharge for the extra stage, although the sum paid was good for fifty miles! An interesting symposium on this subject appears in this week's number of the *Hub*, wherein the managers of the leading railways give their views upon the subject. It now appears that quite recently several companies have adopted the zone system, which has been so long in force upon the South Western line, and henceforth less difficulty of the kind referred to may be expected. The companies referred to are the

Midland, Great Western, London and North Western, Brighton and South Coast, Lancashire and Yorkshire, North Staffordshire, and the Great Southern and Western of Ireland. The others still hold out, however, and the only course open to the cyclist, in order to avoid a possible overcharge, is that which is pointed out by the editor. Instead of having the name of the town for which his own ticket is booked also recorded upon the cycle ticket, he should book the latter to the furthest possible town to which the sum paid will carry it. If, for instance, he is going 101 miles, he must pay 2s. 6d., and if he decides in the train to ride further, say another thirty or forty miles, he will be surcharged on his cycle ticket as well as his own, instead of on the latter alone, unless he has taken the precaution to book the cycle ticket for the full distance of 150 miles to which the payment of 2s. 6d. entitles him.

THE PILGRIM.

Improved Village Postal Delivery.

THIS year every house, even in the most distant and scattered parishes of England, will have its letters delivered at the door. Few benefits so practical have ever reached the village people of England from a Government department. It is just in those outlying farms and ISOLATED COTTAGES that rural life is dullest and small troubles lie heaviest, for the inmates are cut off from the hourly intercourse with neighbours which even in the villages offers a distraction from the monotony of rural life. Many of those poor people had not even the chance of receiving a letter unless they sent, often one or two miles, to fetch it. In recent years this has been the more trying because, as all the younger members of the families are educated, they write frequent letters home, and if one of the parents were ill, and the other engaged in farm work, there was no one left to fetch the letters they were longing for from girls in service and boys in India or the Soudan. The latter are looked for with anxiety and apprehension, for too often the post brings, instead of a letter from the boy, a kindly but heart-breaking communication from a sergeant, or possibly an officer, to say that Tom or Jack has died of fever, or has been carried



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ISOLATED COTTAGES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

off by cholera in some distant station. Indian letters are always disliked by the village postman, who is often invited to read their contents to the parents.

It is worth remembering that for a small sum, not more than £40 per annum, guaranteed by residents, the telegraph can usually be brought to a village, the Post Office being ready to instal it, while the guarantors have only to find the difference between the year's takings in telegrams and the £40. This is soon wiped off, for the appetite for sending telegrams grows with its indulgence.

One illustration shows the village postman at one of the little villages on a creek of the Norfolk Broads, giving a child A LETTER FOR FATHER. What more pleasing little scene could one desire than this, the uniformed postman on his round, the nice, prettily-dressed Norfolk children, the path running down to the "staithe" or landing-place, and the good brick cottages with their outhouses covered with thatch and walled with reeds? The big tree is a poplar just coming into leaf, and beyond, but invisible, lies Hoveton little broad. In flood time, in the real Broad district, nearer to the sea, near the river Thurn and Hickling Broad, the postal delivery is



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

A LETTER FOR FATHER.

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often delayed by a flood. Then departmental zeal charters a boat, and the letters are rowed from house to house by the conscientious postman, and delivered as nearly up to time as may be. Conscience, in this case, cannot be said to "make cowards of us all," for more than one rural postman has lost his life by trying to deliver letters in flood time, though not, so far as we know, among the Broads.



A YEAR and more has passed since I last met Mr. Harold Frederic in the flesh. It was on the day of the Diamond Jubilee, and he, with Mr. George Wyndham amongst others, helped to form a little cluster of men near Buckingham Palace. Burly in figure, full of good spirits and fun, unconventional in dress and appearance, he seemed the very embodiment of vigorous life. And now, at forty-two years of age, his active brain has been laid to rest. Curious, is it not, to note how variously age is reckoned in different walks of life? Mr. Wyndham, who stood with us, and was about our equal in age, is looked upon as a young and fortunate Under-Secretary. Lord Curzon of Kedleston, also about the same age, is discussed by the political quidnuncs as if he were a precocious baby. Yet poor Frederic, who had started with no advantages save that hard circumstances had forced him to strive, had made a considerable name and place in literature long before that glorious day in 1897. Now that he has been cut off in the prime of life the record of work done which he leaves behind him is long. Of his many novels, "In the Valley," "The Return of the O'Mahony," and "Illumination" best exemplify his peculiar and versatile talent, and to me the humours of the O'Mahony are a never-ending delight. All the time, be it remen'ered, he was steadily employed as London correspondent to a great New York journal, and that is a task which places a severe strain on the most fruitful imagination.

That kind of life exhausts the strongest man and makes him a prey to the strangest whims. Outspoken Harold Frederic must have been brain-weary indeed before he delivered himself, apparently half in earnest and half in jest, to the Christian scientists in his last illness. Try for a moment to realise that a man of the world, a man who had climbed from the bottom of the ladder to high place and esteem, was content, as he lay ill at Kenley, to rest his hopes of continued life upon the mysterious operations of a woman in South Kensington who applied "the absent treatment." Read, too, the evidence given by Mr. Frank Harris of the *Saturday Review* concerning Frederic's behaviour in the case of a poor little child stung by a wasp. It is on'y too clear that the stress of literary work had shattered Frederic's nerves and had reduced him to a state of mind in which his chance of life was sacrificed to a mere whim.

The stress, the constant anxiety of literary work, the loss of strength which is the price of creative work, are illustrated in marked fashion in Mrs. Ritchie's introduction to the seventh volume ("Esmond") of the new edition of Thackeray (Smith, Elder). "Esmond" grew out of the lectures on the *Humourists*—we have here the original sketches added to a letter to Mr. Smith. It grew out of the *Humourists*, because it seemed a sin not to make further literary use out of the reading accomplished for the purposes of the lectures. It is, according to the most correct opinion, Thackeray's masterpiece. But Thackeray hated lecturing. He was, as Mrs. Kemble has recorded, nervous; he agreed with many of his friends, Sir Edward Hamley amongst them, that the occupation was not worthy of him. "But he was glad to get a rest from quill-driving, and to earn so much money—very much more than he ever earned in the same time by writing." So Mrs. Ritchie writes, and the correspondence justifies her. He writes to his mother, "Cowardly, self-love cries out save—save, or you may starve too." Again, "You would have had many a letter but for that weariness which makes the sight of a pen odious." "I must and will go to America, not because I like it, but because it is right that I should secure some money against my death for your poor mother and you two girls." To Mrs. Procter he writes:—

"And grim Death, if ever he come to me,
Will find that I have the £ s. d."

The fear of the end, for the sake of others, the knowledge that he had over-worked himself, and that he must go on with excessive toil, were with him always. And his fears were justified by his early death. Truly these introductions, scattered as they are, combine to form a human document of tender interest.

From grave to gay. Some little time ago I mentioned that Mrs. R. Neish was collecting her amusing social sketches from various journals and adding to them, and that they would appear in book form. Here they are, entitled "The Others, by One of Them" (Arrowsmith). Of their kind they are a jewel. Nothing more playfully satirical than these descriptions of a typical family and its members and their ways has been published for many a long day. Mrs. Neish is one of those rare writers with whom one may spend an hour or two bubbling with laughter that will not be denied; the process may irritate the other person who is in the room reading some other book. It irritates him or her even more when one insists on reading a tit-bit aloud; for selections from Mrs. Neish do not sandwich well with passages in "Industrial Democracy" or Sven Hedin's "Through Asia." But the reader, excited to generosity by the rich store of clever stories which he finds, cannot resist the temptation to share amusement with others. Nor can I. The last story, of Papa giving a cabman a lesson, is capital:—

"I gave you eighteen-pence," he said sternly to the cabman.

"The man staid hard at him."

"Yes, you did," he answered; adding, with contempt, "eighteen-pence."

"Papa . . . looked with quiet contempt at the seedy cab, and knock-kneed, worn-out horse. 'It is as much as you'—pause—'and your horse'—pause—'and your cab are worh.' . . .

"The cabman leant over the side of his seat and looked at him with a pleasant smile.

"And it's a d— sight more than you're worth," he said genially and very distinctly, and we walked away."

It is pleasing to learn that Dean Hole, the most delightful of our writers on matters more or less horticultural, projects a new book, to be entitled "Our Gardens." It is sure to make the best of reading. But there is room also for another kind of book on gardening, for the book which will teach the amateur in town, suburb, or country how best to choose and to cultivate his plants. I have sought for such a book lately, for reasons of my own, but apparently it does not exist.

A pocket guide for visitor, sportsman, and naturalist in London has long been urgently required. Mr. J. W. Cundall's "London" (Lawrence Greening) completely fills the gap.

The lost Shelley poems, once published under the title "Victor and Cazire," have been found again, and they have been published; but they are not worth reading, any more than Shelley's prose works are, save by way of proving how poor, common-place, and thin may be the beginnings of genius.

The question whether books, as issued for sale, should be cut or uncut, has been raised again. I am convinced that if book buyers could be canvassed for their opinions the overwhelming majority would be in favour of cutting. The uncut book gives unnecessary trouble, you cannot glance through it; one may make all sorts of mistakes in cutting; the rough edges attract dust; they are difficult to turn over individually. The taste for books issued uncut is entirely false and artificial; but, so long as it lasts, it will save the publishers from a little expenditure.

A useful book to sportsmen, in town and country, is shortly to be issued by Mr. Murray. The editor or author is Mr. A. A. Murray, and he will discourse on the vital question of the cost of sport. There could be no better authority, and the subject is interesting.

Books to order from the library:—

"Aylwin," Theodore Watts-Dunton. (Hurst and Blackett.)

"The Battle of the Strong," Gilbert Parker. (Methuen.)

"Mord Emily," W. Pett Ridge. (Pearson.)

"The Others," Mrs. Neish. (Arrowsmith.)

"The Minister's Conversion," J. Hooper. (A. and C. Black.)

"Heinrich Heine's Last Days," Camille Selden. Translated by Mary Thiddall. (Unwin.)

LOOKER-ON.

A NEW BRIDLE.

FOR every description of riding and driving there is nothing so important as that the animal one is using for one or other of these purposes should be properly bitted. There is also no doubt that most bad-mouthed horses have become so from being badly bitted. All bits must of necessity be clumsy, and more or less painful, contrivances for the control and guidance of a horse, whilst some of the more severe are simply instruments of torture, and do more than anything else to create pullers. The best form of bit is the plain snaffle, because it is the least painful. Lieutenant-Colonel Wethered has gone one better than the plain snaffle, by inventing a bridle without a bit at all. This is absolutely painless, as there is nothing in the horse's mouth.

I first saw this Bitless Bridle used at the Richmond Horse Show last summer, where a horse shown in one of the hack classes went so well in it that I determined to make further enquiries about it. "Oh yes," said several men to whom I mentioned it, "it will do all right, no doubt, for a horse that is used to it, but put it on a real puller for the first time, and where would you be?" This seemed to a certain extent sensible enough, but knowing by experience how few horses will pull unless you give them something to pull against, I took the first opportunity that presented itself of seeing a hard puller driven in one of these bridles. Accordingly one day last week I went to Richmond and saw a notoriously hard puller, which had not been trained to it in any form or shape, tried with it. Not only that, but I drove him myself, and so am in a position to state positively that he went as if he had the lightest mouth in the world. The slightest feel of the reins was sufficient to check the pace or pull him up altogether, and it was almost impossible to believe that with every sort of bit he would always pull the carriage by the reins. Lieutenant-Colonel Wethered has spent several years in inventing a contrivance which should by means of simple leverage, mechanically and correctly applied, and operating round the horse's nose and jaw, place in the hands of the rider, or driver, the power to stop, hold, or guide him as required. To judge by the experiment I myself made last week, I should say that he has thoroughly succeeded. His contention is that all pullers are made so, and that no horse used to his bridle from the day he is broken will ever learn to pull. He is very probably perfectly correct.

The bridle is a very simple affair. There are two bars—lever rein arms, he calls them—the same as on an ordinary curb bit, and to which the reins are attached, but there is no bar in the horse's mouth. Instead of this there are a curb chain attached at each end to the tops of these bars in the usual way and a noseband secured at each end to fulcrum plates on the lower ends of the cheek-pieces of the bridle, and which are also fastened to the upper ends of the two bars, about an inch or so below the ends of the curb chain. The result is that any force exerted on the bars, or fulcrum of the lever, at once tightens both the curb chain and noseband, and as the lower down these bars the reins are attached the greater the leverage obtained, it is obvious that a very powerful control can be obtained over the animal's head. The contrivance is based on correct mechanical principles, and, what is more, it succeeds, for the very simple reason that horses do not pull against it. Horses are no fools, and the fact that they one and all invariably yield to it at once is possibly the best proof of what Colonel Wethered maintains—namely, that they cannot even if they wished.

I hope to see some more experiments made with this bridle shortly, for riding as well as driving, and I shall probably have more to say about this humane and most useful invention. Apart from the personal discomfort of being pulled at and worried by hard-mouthed and irritable horses, what painful sights we see daily in the London streets and country roads: horses bleeding at the mouth, and tortured almost to madness by the diabolical instruments put in their mouths by people who ought to know better, but who seem to be also utterly ignorant of the fact that the most delicate and sensitive portion of a horse's anatomy is his mouth. If only for this reason, I hope to see the Bitless Bridle in common and universal use ere long. At any rate, anyone who owns a horse, whether it pulls or not, ought to try it, if only for humanity's sake, and to enable the poor beast to do his work comfortably to himself, and certainly more agreeably to his rider or driver.

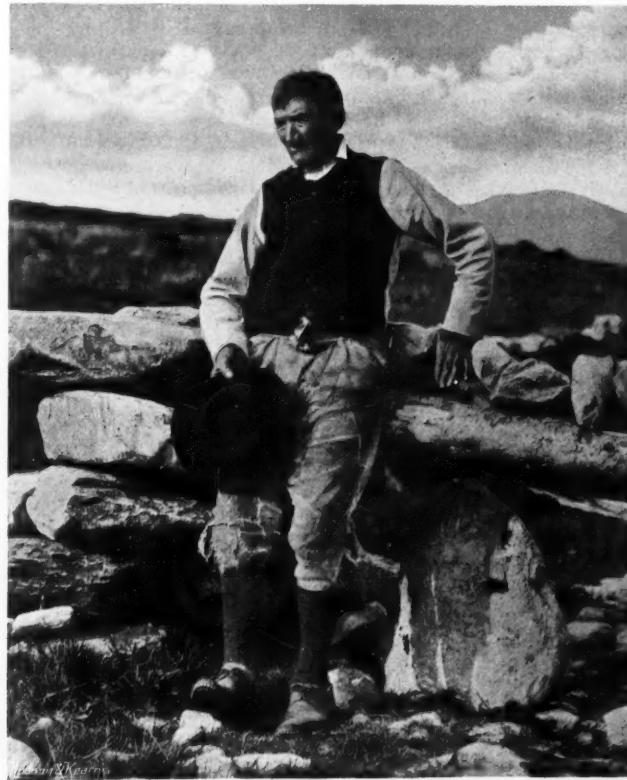
OUTPOST.



THE Irish Celt is slow to move, but once he begins to stir, he progresses with astounding rapidity; and recent events and legislation have galvanised him not a little. Contrast his present position with that of some years ago. So long as he pays his rent he cannot either be deprived of the fixity of tenure secured to him by the Land Act of 1881, or of his right to have his rent fixed once in every fifteen years. He may also purchase the fee simple of his farm, with the consent of his landlord, by agreeing to pay, for a fixed period, a smaller instalment to the State than he now pays in the shape of rent, and he knows that every time that payment is made the value of the goodwill of his farm increases, and that should he wish to cast the dust of his native land from off his feet he can emigrate to America with some capital in his pocket. The consequence of all this is that old types are rapidly giving way to new, and that it is worth one's while to consider whilst they still survive what are the chief characteristics of the old-fashioned Irish peasant.

Thriftlessness may have been his main characteristic, and "What is the good of it?" his motto; yet he was by no means without his peculiar charm. No Englishman could grasp the special features of his character—they were absolutely beyond his ken. Warm-hearted, affectionate, and loyal to those he loved, he was bitter and unreasoning where his enemies were concerned. He would willingly sacrifice his own interest in the pursuit of a private vendetta. His religion was thoroughly Catholic, his reverence for his pastor unbounded; yet underneath all this genuine faith there was a strong substratum of irrational superstition. Few Englishmen realise the extent to which the belief in the existence and in the power of the fairies prevails in Ireland. The writer once accompanied one of the greatest autho-

ties on Irish folk-lore on a quest for local beliefs. The oldest inhabitant was cross-examined as to whether the fairies still held sway in the neighbourhood. The question was at first pooh-poohed, until his friends asked whether he had ever heard of Biddy Urley. The peasant's face instantly changed. He saw himself in the presence of one who was no mere inquisitor, and who would not betray him to the priests. The dormant superstition was roused, for he knew that Biddy Urley had lived in Clare, that she had once entertained a fairy who had taught her how to cure both man and beast on the sole condition that she wasn't to charge more than one shilling for each cure, and he told his



W. G. Knox.

MARTIN QUIRK.

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story. He described how once he was passing along the road, when he was suddenly blindfolded and transported through the air. His bandage was not removed until he found himself in a field, where he could see the fairy king and queen, crowned and clad in cloth of gold. The "good people" were playing about in the field, and promised him many a blessing. He enjoyed their society for many hours, until the dawn came, when his bandage was again put over his eyes, and he was transported back to the spot where he had been originally blindfolded. Few realise how deep-rooted this superstition is. Thus at Derrynane, in County Kerry, there is an old rath that none dare approach after dark. Should they in any way chance to spy on or otherwise offend the fairies they or their cattle will get the sickness, or some other dire calamity will befall them. This belief is, however, but part of the spiritual and mystic character so common to the whole Keltic race. A superstitious regard and reverence for the unseen prevails just as much in the purer Keltic parts of Ireland as it does in Brittany, in Cornwall, in parts of Wales, and in the Highlands of Scotland.

Few parts of Ireland are less known to the average British tourist than Glencar, in County Kerry. The extension of the Great Southern and Western Railway from Farranfore to Valencia ought soon to bring it within his reach. No spot is



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PADDY MURPHY AND MORTY MORIARTY.

more picturesque or more attractive; the tourist need only leave the train at Caragh Lake Station, and he will find himself within easy reach of one of those new hotels that have lately been opened by the Southern Hotels Company. A row of eight miles through some of the most exquisite lake and mountain scenery in the United Kingdom will bring him to Blackstones Bridge, at the foot of Glencar. He will then find himself in what can only be compared to one of the most charming of Swiss valleys, with the additional colouring peculiar to the South of Ireland. He may think himself cut off from the outer world, for this valley can only be approached by the roads that lead to Killarney or Killorglin on the one side, or those that lead through the Ballaghbeama Pass or to Waterville on the other. There he will find

PADDY MURPHY AND MORTY

MORIARTY, two splendid specimens of the old-fashioned Irish peasantry, still faithful to the swallow-tail coat, picturesque knee-breeches, and home-knitted stockings. Let him then return to the Caragh Lake Hotel, by the mountain pass, and wind his way through Glenbeigh, so celebrated for its evictions in 1886 and 1887, and he will reach Lough Coomasaharn, a gloomy, cliff-encircled tarn, embosomed in the hills and drained by the Beigh River. There he will meet a still more conservative specimen of the old-fashioned Irish peasant in the person of MARTIN QUIRK, who with his clan has reigned supreme on the shores of the Lough for many a year. No outsider ever ventures to intermarry into this most select of circles, and the Lowlanders often say: "When the Quirks come down, the strand-folk shut their doors."

The "strand-folk," who live on the shores of Dingle Bay, are much poorer than the Highlanders. There was a time when much material wealth was procured by gathering kelp on the Irish and Scotch coasts. The production of nitrates has, however, lowered the price of iodine, and kelp gathering is no longer the profitable industry it once was. In this case, however, the seaweed is used to enrich the poor peaty plots of ground on which the potatoes are grown. Wealthier and more prosperous folk gather the seaweed in "ass carts," but many, like Eileen Fitzmaurice, trudge for miles with the precious burden on their shoulders. At Randalagan, on Dingle Bay, whole families are engaged in gathering cockles, but if we judge from the cottage illustrated, we can hardly regard the industry as bringing much



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SEAWEED GATHERERS.

grist to the mill. In a few years' time there will be but few such types left in Ireland as Martin Quirk, Paddy Murphy, or Morty Moriarty; few such cottages as that at Randalagan. The Irish peasant and farmer is on the "up grade." Many factors are at work, perhaps none more than the new co-operative movement that is now doing so much for Ireland. It seems difficult, if not impossible, to effect much with its help in England. The English farmer is much more conservative than his Irish competitor; above all, he dreads that his next-door neighbour should know what trade he is doing. The Irish peasant is much more progressive; he sees how his isolated position placed him in the power of the village trader; how he has in the past been compelled to pay high prices for adulterated manures and feeding-stuffs. He realises how little butter he can make with his utensils, and how much that butter has suffered through lack of cleanliness or knowledge of modern improved methods. He therefore gladly welcomes a movement that enables him to make the most of the humble materials at his command. He has availed himself to such an extent of the new co-operative agricultural associations and creameries, that their number has risen from one society with fifty members in 1889, to 270 societies with a membership of 30,000 farmers. No new departure has proved more successful than the introduction of agricultural banks on the Raiffeisen plan, with unlimited liability. The movement is as yet in its infancy. Hitherto the peasant has used whatever credit he can command, mainly to stop a gap or pay off an old debt; he is now learning to apply it for purposes that will enrich him. He was unaware that he was paying thirty per cent. when so many shillings were deducted from a loan or added to a bill; and with the vague notions engendered by the barter system, where no money was given or received, half his possible income vanished into thin air. He may now borrow from the agricultural bank at a much lower rate, whilst the principle of "unlimited liability" secures, if not the honesty of the individual, at least the determination of the group that all those associated with them shall meet their engagements. Some thirty co-operative agricultural banks have been established, and fifteen of these have come into existence within the last six months. In the meanwhile, the country shows every sign of visible improvement. The mud hut is giving way to the thatched cabin, and the thatched cabin is being replaced by the slated cottage. The pig is being evicted from his place at the family hearth, and relegated to the sty. The space occupied



W. G. Knox.

THE CABIN AND THE PIG.

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by the manure heap that so often barred the way to the front door is being converted into a fruit or vegetable garden. Farm buildings, neatly roofed with corrugated iron, are rising throughout the land. Meal is taking the place of potatoes, and in its turn giving way to more substantial food. Picturesque traits of the Irish character may vanish, but they are being replaced by an energy and a thrift unknown in the past. Their disappearance

may be regretted by the artist and the poet, but the true Irishman must rejoice. On every side he sees constantly-increasing evidence of the progressive spirit that is abroad. In a few years' time the old types will have vanished from off the face of the land, but their successors will, by their new-born enterprise, have transformed the whole condition of the country.

V. HUSSEY-WALSH.



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THREE are few pleasanter ways of spending a fortnight or so about Christmas in India than in camping in the jungles near one of the big rivers that flow through the Central Provinces. Close to the river banks the country is interspersed with deep nullahs, thickly clothed with bamboos, trees and underwood, affording shade both for man and beast from the mid-day sun, which even in December is hot enough. These nullahs finally emerge into the more level country at the foot of the hills, where traces of extensive cultivation may still be observed, though now only a few scattered villages remain. The best sport is obtained by going alone, and very little kit is required. Three or four carts to carry a couple of small tents, furniture, and stores, and HALF-A-DOZEN MEN, one of whom must be an experienced shikari and tracker, are sufficient. In December the chief prize to the sportsman is the sambhur or *cervus unicolor*; cheetul will be seen close to the rivers, though as often as not their horns are in velvet at this time of year, and the bekri, or four-horned antelope, gives one a very pretty little trophy as well as an excellent dinner. Tigers are always about, but owing to the thick jungle and long grass it is almost impossible, unless with exceptional luck, to obtain a safe shot. It is advisable to leave THE CAMP before sunrise, as by nine or ten o'clock the deer have retired to rest; and though a sambhur may rise only a few yards off, it disappears in the most astonishing manner, giving but a momentary glimpse of its tail and hind-quarters. After bolting a short distance it may stand and look back to see what has disturbed it, in which case a fairly easy shot may be obtained, if the jungle be not too thick, but more often it will not be seen again that day. Sometimes the ground admits of tracking, but generally one must trust to a quick sight. The shikari goes in front, immediately followed by the sahib, with the rest of the men carrying the water and other necessities some way behind. In this formation the party proceeds, at first through the open country, where the deer are more likely to be found in the early morning,

returning from their feeding grounds, then to the nullahs, which they will make for as soon as the sun gets powerful. As a rule, sambhur go about in small herds; to see more than eight or nine together is exceptional, and there is seldom more than one full-grown stag with the herd, though solitary stags are common, and in April or May three or four may be seen in company without any does.

A good stag stands about 13 or 14 hands, and the head usually carries three points on each horn, though an additional point is often thrown out at the upper fork. Anything over 33in., measured along the outside curve, is worth shooting, while over 38in. is abnormally good. It may be mentioned that in Southern India the heads run much smaller than in the Central Provinces.

Though in some ways not so attractive as the many-tined antlers of the European red deer or the Cashmere stag, a fine sambhur head, in its massive simplicity and wide spread, has no equal, with the exception of the Wapiti. The sportsman will spend many a day without firing a shot or seeing a stag with a decent head; but we will follow him on some auspicious morning when his labours are to be rewarded with success. After going a couple of miles along a rough cart-track, the party turns off into the soaking grass, getting wet to the hips, which is unpleasant on a cold winter morning. First a couple of bekri are seen for a moment before they disappear in the cover; a herd of nilghai browsing along in single file are watched but not disturbed. Coming to the top of a shallow nullah a herd of sambhur are surprised amongst the bushes, but they are all does, and with a startled bell away they go at a gallop. That grove of ber-trees is almost a certain find for cheetul, and sure enough they are there to-day, but there is no undergrowth, and the ground is strewn with dead wood; the nearest doe looks up, the alarm is given, and they are off without giving the chance of a shot. A deep nullah is next explored, and on the opposite side through the cover a motionless brown



R. C. Macleod.

HALF-A-DOZEN MEN.

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THE CAMP.

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patch is seen. But that does not determine the sex, and the risk of shooting a doe must not be taken. While waiting for further discovery a plunge and a crash are heard, and the gleaming tips of a fine pair of antlers are seen for a second before they vanish over the crest.

By a small stream a halt is made for the men to have a drink and a smoke. Their pipe (they have only one amongst the lot) is a wooden funnel, broad at the top to hold the tobacco, with a narrow perpendicular stem. Wrapping a bit of cloth round the bottom, and holding the pipe with both hands, each man draws a few whiffs through the cloth and passes it on to his neighbour. Across the stream lies an undulating plain with scattered trees, and there, in a little hollow by a tiny brooklet a good quarter of a mile away, a stag is feeding. The men are left behind, and crawling along the ground, the stalker reaches the mouth of a gorge which leads from the uplands down to the hollow. One hundred and fifty yards across the open are some bushes near the water, and in front of them unfortunately a watchful doe is standing, while the stag is not in sight. Fifteen minutes' wait, and at last the doe goes behind the bushes, so a move forward can be made. A ditch yields cover for some distance, but that comes to an end, and with the rifle at the ready a bee-line is taken for the bushes. When 50yds. off the doe gives the alarm and gallops off. All seems lost, when another step reveals the stag not 50yds. away broadside on, with ears cocked, waiting with a fatal curiosity to see what has alarmed his mate. After the shot it starts off at full speed, as if untouched by the bullet, but 100yds. is all it can manage, and the men raise a shout of triumph as it STAGGERS AND FALLS. The superstitious shikari dips the muzzle of the rifle in the blood, which, bubbling from the bullet-hole, shows that the lungs have been hit; the tape is taken out, and makes it 44in. along the outside curve, while the spread, the beam, and the brow antlers are all that one can wish for. After the camera has done its work the head is cut off, the body is skinned, and suitable loads of the meat are made up to be carried to camp if there is no road for carts available. Now is the opportunity of the birds of the air. Whence or how far they come from none can say, but ten minutes after the breeze has caught up the scent of blood they begin to arrive. The first comer will probably be the white-backed kite, a very dirty and foul-feeding bird, then some crows and common kites appear, and lastly, streaming down out of the skies as it were, come the vultures, soaring in majestic circles above the kill, or settling on the trees round about with expectant croaks. It is eleven o'clock before everything is ready, and, as the camp is some way off, a shady spot is found by a quiet stretch of water, where one can enjoy a cool and refreshing bathe before breakfast. It is not much use starting again before three o'clock, so the tiffin-bag should always contain a novel, in case sleep be found impossible. If the camp is being



R. C. Macleod. STAGGERS AND FALLS.

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moved that day, the tinkling of bells and the shouts of the bullock-drivers may be heard through the woods, and the string of carts on the march to the next camping ground makes a pretty picture. In the afternoon, on the way home, there is a good chance of seeing cheetah by the banks of the main river, and just before sunset a herd are observed feeding

on the other side of some bushes. Unfortunately for them they have to cross a small open space, and as the stag comes into full view the bullet strikes home. THE CHEETUL STAG cannot be surpassed for the beauty of its skin and the graceful curve of its horns. The photograph shows that this head was an unusual one, the right horn being a switch horn, and the lower tine on the left being abnormally short. Leaving the men to cut up the stag, a triumphant return is made to the camp, which on the next day, as regards the men's quarters, will present the appearance shown in the photograph, every scrap of meat having been cut into strips and HUNG ON LINES TO DRY in the sun. The feeling of exultant repose after such a day as this is hard to beat, but there are many bitter disappointments to be reckoned on the



R. C. Macleod. THE CHEETUL STAG.

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other side of the balance. There is always that record stag which was seen a moment too late, and bolted before the rifle could reach the shoulder; there is the memory of that egregious miss for which no possible excuse could be found; and sometimes, alas, of that ill-directed shot, which caused a blood-stained trail for a few hundred yards, but brought no trophy back to camp. Yet these are the chances of sport, and whatever the results of the past may have been, the lover of big game shooting will always be keen to start on the morrow with the hope which is born of failure or success.

N. C. MACLEOD.

PILCHARDS at ST. IVES.

HERE is no lovelier place on earth than St. Ives, and it is seen at its best under the dazzling windy skies of autumn. The man who has power to take a holiday at that season of the year can make no wiser choice of a region in which to be idle. If only the pilchards come in decent quantity, there will be plenty to occupy him and keep him interested.

For some days he will have noticed the great seine-boats which lie along the shore, each in its appointed station. The seiners sit in them patiently from early morn until the light fails, smoking their pipes and waiting for a signal that may be a week in coming; for the pilchards have to be seen, and then approached and deftly surrounded with a wall of net. The men in the boats would see nothing of an approaching shoal until the water around and underneath them became solid with fish, and then it would be too late for action. On two convenient points of the coast there are small white-washed houses with flagstaffs provided, and seats in front. At each of these two oldish men keep watch for



R. C. Macleod. HUNG ON LINES TO DRY.

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that moving colour upon the water that betokens the approach of a bank of fish. As soon as they have observed it they become intensely excited. Picking up the speaking-trumpets which lie ready to hand, they warn the seiners to be on the alert by loud shouts of "Hevva! hevva!" The whole place seems to hear the cry of these men—they are called the huers—as soon as it has been uttered, and excitement is universal. The huers, still intent upon the approaching shadow, lay aside the speaking-trumpets, and each of them picks up a couple of furze bushes, one of which he holds in either hand. Then begins a series of the maddest gesticulations, and the boat starts.

It is a curious experience to stand with the huers at such a time. You can see nothing, unless you have had experience, of the phenomenon which is so greatly exciting them. You notice only that the nature of the gesticulations changes from time to time, and that there are corresponding events on board the seine-boat.

Finally, the huer raises his furze bushes in the air and brings them down in front of him with tremendous emphasis. He has hardly had time to repeat the gesture when the oarsmen begin to row with redoubled energy, while a line of corks appears behind the boat. They have come up with the shoal and are engaged in shooting the net. Their object is, of course, to enclose all the fish within it, and so the line of the corks presently becomes more or less circular. Finally, when the whole has been shot, it is entirely circular, but has necessarily one opening. Here the boat stops, and the men make all the noise they can with their oars, attempting to drive the fish back into the hollow of the seine. Presently another boat comes up, bringing the stop-net, which serves to complete the prison of the pilchards.

The huers have probably allowed themselves a brief rest from their labours as soon as the seine has been shot, but they are not idle long. They turn away from the sea, and, taking their speaking-trumpets, proceed to shout other unintelligible words—"Bloucers! bloucers!" This is intended as an intimation to all the country-side that a shoal has been enclosed, and that anyone who comes down and lends a hand in the work that still remains to be done will get a proper share in the result of the take. All sorts and conditions of people hear the cry and go down to the beach, where they wait for the landing of the warp.

It is quite possible that the pilchards may be left in the water for several days—other shoals may come and keep everybody busy; it is therefore necessary that the seine should be drawn in to such a position that even at high-water its leads are on the bottom, and the escape of the fish entirely cut off. The warp—a great rope—comes ashore, and is lugged up the sands by the bloucers. Finally, by dint of great efforts, it is got up to one



W. Trevarrow.

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ST. IVES, CORNWALL.

of the many capstans placed for this purpose along the coast wherever there is a chance of their being useful. The younger bloucers get to work, while the elders are usually content to look on, wondering how many hogsheads of fish there are in the seine, and discussing the lamentable degeneracy of these latter days, when the pilchard has so far failed in popularity that it is hardly worth the catching. As will presently be shown, they have the right to be praisers of the past. The fish fetch prices that would have been laughed at in past days, and, as if outraged at the falling off in the welcome offered them, they do not visit the coast in anything like the abundance known to the fathers of the present generation of fishermen.

After the net has been safely hauled up into comparatively shallow water it is possible to see an exaggeration of the phenomenon which enabled the huers to mark down the shoal for destruction. The fish, of which there may be hogsheads upon hogsheads in the net, are packed together on the seaward side, and a deep purple, as of dark weed growing on a sunken reef, shows within the circle of the net. At night the seine-boat is drawn to the side of the net, and the fishermen watch over their capture, a fire burning brightly under the awning.

It now remains to empty the net. Sometimes, when the conditions suit, the work is done by moonlight, and the scene then witnessed must be beautiful in the extreme. Most people, however, do not get the luck to see it, as it happens but rarely. Usually the scene witnessed is that which formed the subject of a picture by Mr. Percy Craft which was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and of another, by Mr. C. Napier Hemy, exhibited at the same time, which was bought by the Chantrey Bequest, and is now in the Tate Gallery at Millbank.

A net, called the tuck-net, is let down inside the seine, closed, and drawn to the surface. It brings up many thousands of struggling fish; they are so many, indeed, that what you see is an all but solid mass. The fish struggle, and vainly strike to escape. You might be looking at a great cauldron of molten silver stirred by the escape of gases from beneath. There is a sound as of the effervescing of a lake of soda-water, and all over the net is a lovely haze formed by the scales which the fish cast off in the course of their struggles. At this juncture some huge black boats are towed up and brought to the side of the tuck-net. Each of them contains two or three men who are armed with big wicker hampers. They lean over and dip these into the pool of silver in the net, and, in almost less time than it takes to tell, the boat is filled to the gunwale, and those who have been engaged in the task of filling her are almost up to the waist in fish.

The scene is exhilarating in the extreme. There is the noise of much shouting, for your Cornish fisherman is by no means unemotional, and in such moments as this he becomes wildly excited. Little boats come wandering round the bigger ones, their occupants being armed with long-handled nets, with which they dip up stray fish that



W. Trevarrow.

BEACON HOUSE AND SIGNAL.

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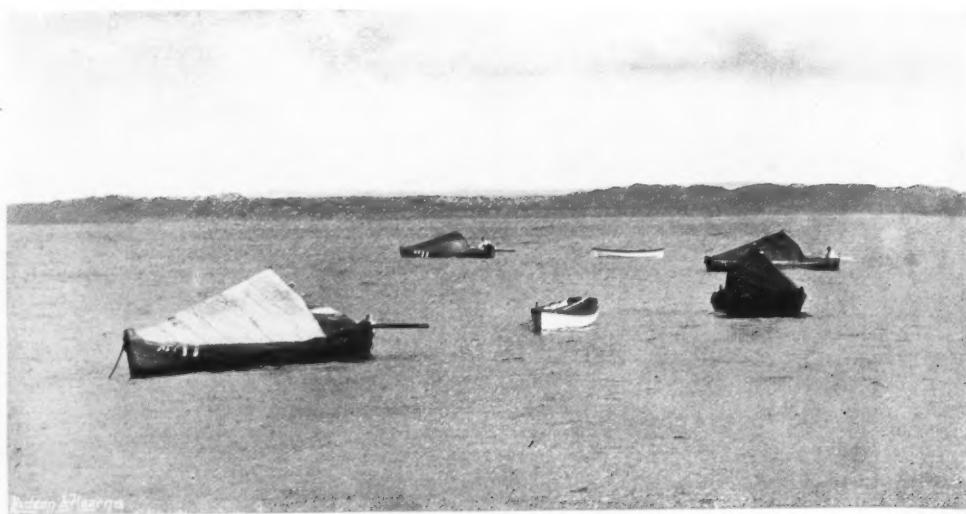
have died within the seine; often a goodly pile is accumulated in this way. It is difficult to get a St. Ives boy to accept a job on such a day as this. He can usually make more than you are prepared to give him for going an "arrant" by this delightful occupation of "cabling," which is so thoroughly well recognised that no one ever dreams of describing it brutally as the practice of stealing pilchards.

The gulls are happy under the same circumstances, for they do not need to fish for themselves. Later on, when the seine has been taken up, they will also have the fish which have got drowned or otherwise injured, and can be seen lying dead on the white sand. And for many a long day there will be provender about the purlieus of the harbour for the bird that knows where to look for it.

The boats, as soon as they have been filled, are towed slowly away to the harbour, and here again you may spend time pleasantly if you have seen enough of the actual tucking—which is repeated again and again, by the by, until the seine has been emptied. The big boats are run up on the sandy beach, and carts are brought down to the water's edge. Into these the fish are shovelled with wooden spades, and each as it is filled goes off in the direction of the cellars where the fish is cured. In the old days the fish were piled up in layers with coarse salt between. The train oil and the brine were pressed out by the weight of the fish, which were presently ready to be packed in barrels and sent abroad. Nowadays they are pickled in brine, and there are those who declare that this change is in no small degree responsible for the fall in the prices obtainable.

The cats in St. Ives are sufficiently numerous to account for the assertion of the old and familiar riddle, and they are mostly mongrel. As the carts go up the steep and badly-paved streets they join the children, and go in for vigorous "cabling." There is never a cat but gets a meal, and all the children you meet carry a few pilchards, one stuck upon each finger by the gills.

After a time the seine is taken up and removed to the quay, where it is overhauled and freed from the fish which have become entangled in the net in their efforts to escape and so got drowned. It may be put back into the boat and used again, but in these days of the scarcity of the pilchards that does not



W. Trevarrow.

SEINE-BOATS WAITING.

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often occur. Nevertheless, there have been occasions within the last few years when there were three or four seines in the water at the same time, each of them holding a goodly take of fish. And so things go on until the men betake themselves to another kind of labour, and pilchards are forgotten for another year.

Later on, when the process of curing is completed, the fish are taken out of the brine, carefully packed in barrels, and sent to Italy. In the old successful days the health of the Pope was regularly drunk in St. Ives, for this fishery brought much money to the town, and it was supposed to be the poorer classes of Roman Catholics who ate the "fairmaids." But pilchards preserved in this particular way are not the most tempting sort of food it is possible to imagine, and cod from Newfoundland has interfered greatly with the Cornish enterprise, and lowered the price to a point which leaves little, if any, profit for the fishermen. It has lately been pretty clearly demonstrated that the pilchard is only an overgrown sardine, and so it is by no means inappropriate that a goodly quantity of the take should be tinned. The local people also buy the fish and marinate them, and many a man in a mining district finds these a delightful and very cheap addition to the list of the foods he can afford to purchase. But the pilchard eats best when it has been split and grilled. The patriotic Cornishman is convinced that there is no food quite so delicious as the "scrowler."

H. D. LOWRY.



ASTER AMELLUS RIVERSLEA.

THE dwarf and deep blue Aster known as *A. amellus* has several varieties, of which *Bessarabicus* is the most common, but a variety called *Riverslea* is richer even in colour than this, the flowers of a wonderful shade of blue, and if possessing narrower petals than the parent, losing nothing in effectiveness. We enjoy a group of this precious kind on a September day, when the colouring is rich and subdued. We like to see these blue Starworts near dark green leaved shrubs, which throw into relief the masses of colour. The deep blue shades gain in richness and beauty when intensified by association with Scotch Fir, the Aster colonies nestling near the dark stems.

SPIRAEA THUNBERGII FOR COLOUR.

No shrub exceeds in autumn beauty this pretty white-flowered *Spiraea*, one of the first of its kind to blossom in the early spring. We lately noticed a group of it planted simply for its autumn effect, and every leaf was self crimson, a clear and beautiful colour. The only way to get the true beauty of such shrubs as this is to group them, as then the mass of pure white flowers is distinct in spring, and the splendid colouring of the shrub in autumn remains almost until the winter.

THE PLANTING SEASON.

The season has arrived now for planting trees, shrubs, hardy perennials, and roses. It is a mistake to leave this important work until the winter, when probably through severe weather operations are delayed until the spring. Remember, also, that careful planting will mean quicker growth in the future. Haphazard transplanting, paying no regard whatever to the roots, is a sorry way of showing love for gardening, and we have seen valuable trees lost through want of care in this respect. Always make a hole sufficiently deep to take the roots carefully laid out, and place over them some of the finer parts of the soil. Many hardy plants are more satisfactory when lifted in spring, just as new growth is commencing. Early autumn is the best season for rose planting, and if orders have not yet been given for the varieties required, there should be no delay.

A BEAUTIFUL BLUE FLOWER.

Blue is a precious colour in the garden, and it is seldom brighter and clearer than in the *Salvia patens*, a half-hardy flower we should like to see more used in the garden. Where beautiful groups are desired in which blue is the colour needful, plant this *Salvia* boldly and preserve the roots through the winter in a greenhouse, or if in a southern county, heap ashes over the crowns as a protection in severe weather. In the southern parts of England and Ireland it will live out and attain considerable age, a wealth of flowers being produced from summer until autumn. Except, however, in very favoured spots, it is wise to lift the plants in October, and put them out again in spring. It is easily propagated by cuttings, and one of these fine old plants we can scarcely see too often.

CASSIA CORYMBOSA.

This is a shrubby plant that may be well used more freely in the summer garden. During my travels recently I saw more than one large bed filled with this alone, and from summer until severe frosts occur the plant is bright with yellow flowers. Its cheerful green pinnate leaves are in themselves ornamental, but the aspect of the shrub is changed when the bright yellow flowers appear in rich profusion for many weeks. A vaseful of this *Cassia* is also attractive, and it is not difficult to grow the plants for the summer garden only. When frosts come, lift them and store in a greenhouse for the winter, putting them out again in the following June.

A BEAUTIFUL MEXICAN ANNUAL.

A very beautiful annual is *Cosmos bipinnatus*, graceful in growth and pretty in colour, the flowers appearing in late summer and through the autumn. Such annuals as this should be associated with kinds of similar growth, the *Salpiglossis* or *Bidens*, plants graceful and free in every way. The *Cosmos* grows from 3ft. to 5ft. in height, and has feathery foliage and flowers, either white or purple, reminding one of those of a small single *Dahlia* in shape. Sow the seed in spring in heat, and transplant the seedlings to warm, moist, and rich soil in May.

STORING FRUIT.

Much fruit is lost through careless gathering and storage. A bruised fruit can never mature properly, and we then lose its flavour. The best place to store fruits in is a cool, dark room, and one perfectly dry. If they are at all damp, spread them out in an airy place to remove moisture. The fruit-room should be provided with shelves, upon which the Apples or Pears, as the case may be, can be laid out thinly, and, if the kinds are very choice, without touching one another. This is especially necessary with Pears, which are softer than Apples, and more frequent examination will be needful. It is always important to avoid damp settling upon the fruit.

COLCHICUM SPECIOSUM AND CROCUS SPECIOSUS.

There are few handsomer October flowers than *Colchicum speciosum*, its large, clear, rose-purple flowers appearing without the leaves, which put forth in spring. Clumps in the rock garden or distributed in the grass are always pleasurable at this season of the year, but the position should not be too exposed, not because the bulbs are in the least degree tender, but to protect the flowers from wind and rain. For this reason it is always best to plant them in a ground-work of some creeping plant, to prevent soil splashing up and destroying the freshness of the flowers. *C. speciosum* thrives in almost any kind of soil, but it should be sandy, warm—to promote summer ripening—and sunny. *Crocus speciosus* is even more effective than the *Colchicum*. It is a bulb to naturalise in the grass, to create those breadths of purple-blue so delightful late in the year. *Colchicums* and autumn *Crocuses*, in spite of their hardiness and brilliant beauty late in the year, seem little appreciated.

BEGONIA GLOIRE DE LORRAINE.

This is a brilliant indoor Begonia for flowering during the autumn and winter, and the splendid group of it at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society showed its beauty. It was raised by that well-known hybridist, Mons. Lemoine, and no Begonia is so free or continues so long in bloom. When the plants are in a temperature varying from 60deg. to 70deg., and carefully attended to, they will continue in flower until February next, no slight consideration when one requires bright flowers for the house in winter. The plant is dwarf, the leaves tender green, and the flowers soft pink.

A NEW LATE STRAWBERRY.

Of recent years, raisers of new Strawberries have been trying to extend the season of this luscious fruit, and a new variety named St. Joseph is certainly an advance in the right direction. The fruit is not large, but size counts for little when it so frequently denotes poor quality, pale red in colour, firm, and of a pleasantly brisk flavour. Runners made during the year fruit freely in the autumn, and it is a great gain to get a kind of this character. It was shown recently before the fruit committee of the Royal Horticultural Society, and given an award of merit, a mark of some distinction.

PROTEA CYNAROIDES.

This strange plant has been seldom illustrated, but it is interesting, though few possess it in their greenhouses or conservatories. It belongs to the remarkable order of Proteads, and was introduced from the Cape, the native land of the family, in 1774. Those who care for curious plants will value this *Protea*, which requires moderate protection, such as a conservatory or house where allied things are gathered together. The *Proteas* are of shrubby growth, and the flowers are gathered in a bold head, as will be seen from the illustration, the broad and thick enveloping scales reminding one of those of the *Globe Artichoke* ; but

inside the head is a tassel of pink blossom. It is not a plant for general cultivation, but many prize these curious and wonderful flowers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We shall be pleased to assist our readers in any matter relating to the garden, and hope, too, they will send interesting notes and photographs concerning flowers or fruits.



John Gregory. ONE OF THE PROTEADS (*Protea cynaroides*). Copyright.

A Tern's Nest on Wells Sand-hills.

ALMOST the last order made by the Home Secretary under the Wild Birds' Protection Act has been to extend the close time for wildfowl other than ducks, on the coast of North Norfolk, from August 1st to September 1st. This extension was granted mainly in the interests of the birds one of whose nests is shown here. Formerly three species, if not four, of the elegant sea swallows bred in Norfolk. Three kinds—the common tern, the lesser tern, and a most beautiful creature called the roseate tern—nested on the line of sand-hills beyond the meadow marshes east of Wells. Another kind, the black tern, had colonies inland, just as the black-headed gulls have colonies now, among the reeds in the Broad district, and

also in that part of the midland fen which was included in Norfolk above Lynn. Now the black tern has entirely vanished, and the roseate tern is so rare that collectors would give £20 for one killed in Norfolk. It is to baffle these persons that the close time has been extended, for as the terns are confiding, amiable creatures, both the professional gunner and the shooting Bank Holiday maker used to turn out and massacre terns on August 1st, the former for profit and the latter for what he considered sport. This largely did away with the good effected by a measure for some time enforced—viz., the thorough protection of the terns' last nesting-place on the sand-hills. Mr. J. A. Davidson, the lessee of this range of warren and shingle banks, who takes a leading part in protecting the terns, informs us that this year there were more nests, both of the common tern and the diminutive lesser tern, than he has ever seen there. The soil on which the three eggs are laid—being, with THE SIMPLE-MINDED FAILURE which the terns always manage when they try to make a nest, merely just enough to call attention to it—is rather curious. It is sand-hill covered with a kind of lichen, the first attempt at vegetable growth on the sand. The tall grass stems near are those of the celebrated marram grass, the name being a contraction of mer-hauim—sea-grass. This is now transported to South Australia to bind the sand-hills there, and not only does it do this, but provides excellent winter keep for the cattle, a property of which no one suspected it in this country, though the writer has always believed that the fatness of sand-hill rabbits was not accounted for solely by sea air and starvation diet.

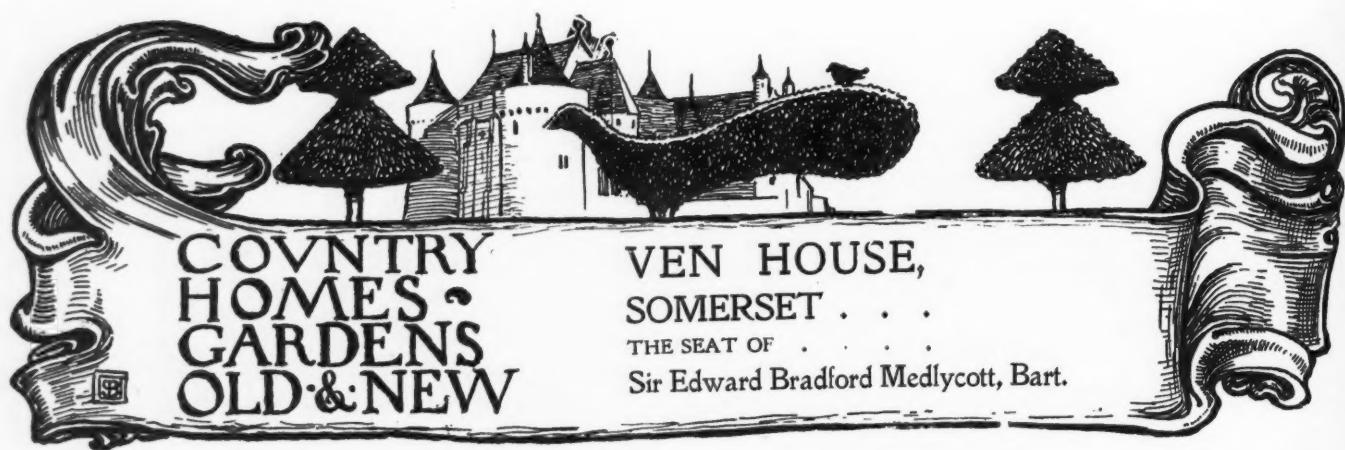
C. J. CORNISH.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE SIMPLE-MINDED FAILURE.

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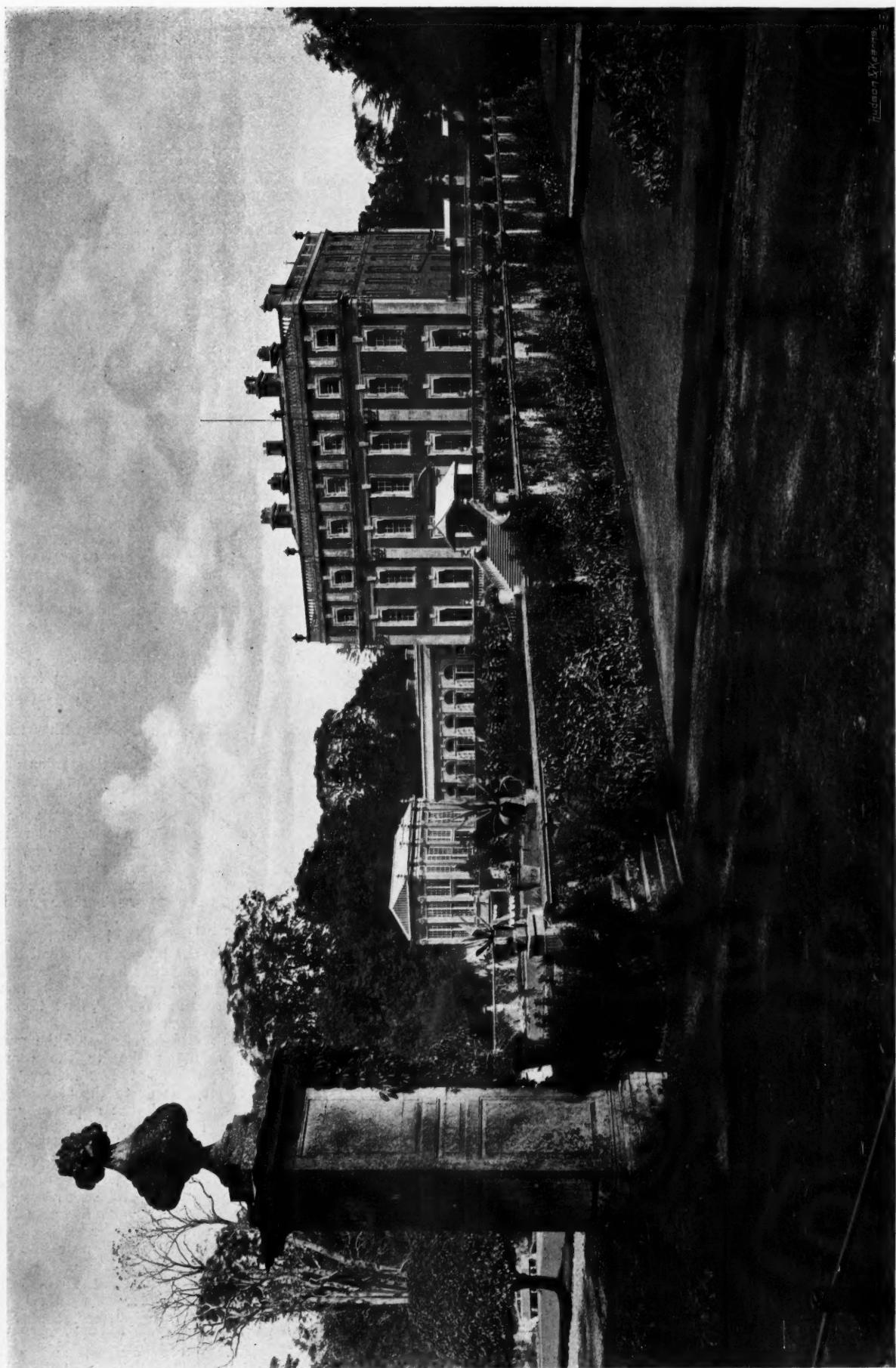
THE very fine and attractive gardens which we illustrate are the adornment of a notable mansion in the West Country—Ven House, near Milborne Port, on the borders of Dorset and Somerset. This is the head of the gathering ground of the pleasant river Yeo, on the western side of the watershed which separates the basin of the Somerset river from that of the Hampshire Stour. The country is extremely pretty, with much varied natural beauty, and to show that it is interesting it is enough to say that famous old Sherborne, with its enriched and glorious abbey church, is the near neighbour of Ven. At Henstridge Ash, on the hill close by, veracious tradition asserts that Walter Raleigh smoked his first pipe, being liberally treated by the peasants with water, for they thought his clothes were on fire. The country about Ven House is hunted by the celebrated Blackmoor Vale Foxhounds, the vale being the wide and fertile level through which the Cale flows southward from Wincanton to the Stour.

The mansion stands close to the little town of Milborne Port, with its fine Norman church and other evidences of a once greater state. An ancestor of the present Baronet

began the building of Ven House in 1698, and completed it in 1701. It is a red brick structure of classic simplicity, its front inlaid with stone, and the surface broken by Corinthian pilasters which run up to a balustrade crested by urns, and its wings are pierced by large archways. The design is attributed to Inigo Jones, and the house was thoroughly restored about sixty years ago. Though far removed from the modern ideals of domestic architecture, it belongs to a period and a style that can never fail to command admiration.

The gardens are in character appropriate to the house. Near it they have a certain classic formality. At a little distance the regular lines give place to the features of a more picturesque style, and the grounds approach to native simplicity. Though the mansion is not in a position that gives it extensive views, yet its immediate surroundings are thus attractive enough, and the vicinity is well wooded. A wide avenue of elms extends from the front of the house up a gentle grass slope, which forms the sky-line a mile away, and, on the other side, beyond the garden, a like avenue leads away across many a level meadow. Within the gates are several fine cedars of Lebanon,





"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—VEN HOUSE.

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BRIDGE IN THE PARK.

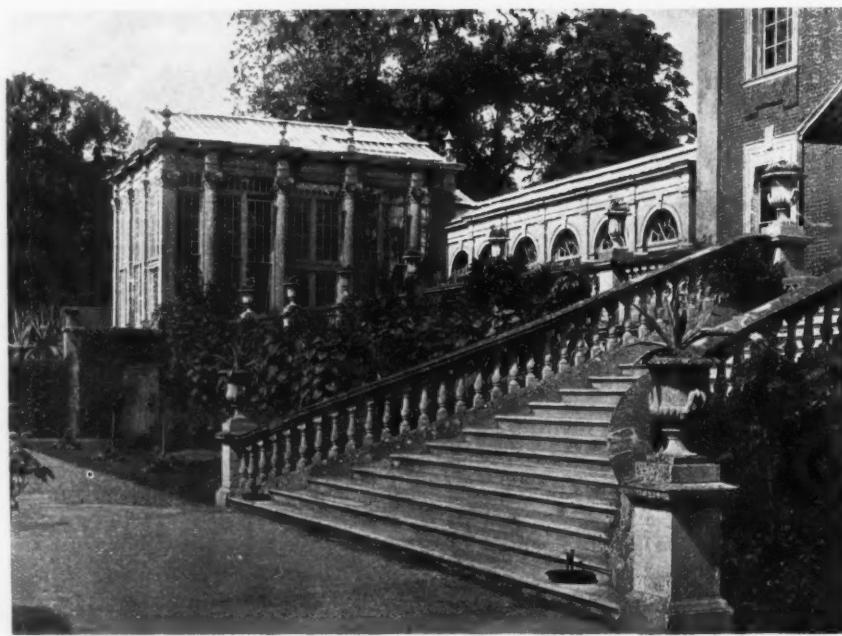
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VEN HOUSE, FROM THE FORMAL GARDEN.

"C.L."



Copyright

THE GREAT CONSERVATORY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and a range of beautiful deciduous trees and evergreen shrubs shuts off the neighbouring village from view.

Along the rear of the house, and overlooking the garden, is a fine broad stone terrace, with balustrade, and urns filled with flowers. Upon this opens a glass arcade, in which are orange trees, palms, and flowering creepers, leading at one end into a beautiful structure of glass and masonry—a very fine and rich example of Corinthian architecture applied to garden work, which will be seen in the pictures.

Here the principal object of interest is an enormous specimen of the fragrant *Datura*, which is planted in the centre of the conservatory, and fills the greater part of the space. Its trunk is not less than 3 ft. in circumference, and it is truly a noble plant, often used with fine effect in the summer garden, where its creamy white odorous blossoms are very handsome. In the house climbing cacti, eucalyptuses, palms, and camellias are its companions.

From this Corinthian garden house we pass along the broad terrace which has been alluded to, and look over the formal walled garden below, which is rectangular, and an excellent example of the particular style. In the midst is a marble fountain, supported by storks, and surrounded by a basin, with water-lilies. From this fountain four broad walks lead away at right angles to the four sides of the garden, one approaching the house, which is reached by a flight of shallow stone steps, and another leading directly away from it to a very beautiful semi-circular marble seat, set in the greenery, and with finely-sculptured figures along the top. The general effect, combined with the fine standard Portugal laurels, their heads cut into spheres, which line the raised gravel path above and behind the seat, is very striking and characteristic. The level lawns of this walled garden are studded at equal intervals with standard roses planted in little round beds and surfaced with white tufted pansies.

Nearer the walls of the garden are square plots filled with bedding plants, each separated from its neighbour by well-kept box edging, and on the garden walls are trained roses and jasmines, the glorious scarlet *Pyrus japonica*, and exquisite wistaria, 70 ft. in length. At intervals along the pathways stand variegated aloes, quite a feature of the place, in large pots. Terrace walks along and above the sides of this garden enable its many features to be well seen. That opposite to the house and behind the marble seat, and along which the clipped Portugal laurels grow, is approached by fine flights of stone steps at each end, for it is raised some feet above the garden level.

On the left-hand side of the great stone terrace, and opposite to the conservatory wherein is the giant *Datura*, another broad flight of steps leads to the pleasure grounds. It will be agreed that a perfectly beautiful picture is formed by this fine and mossy stonework, under the shadow of that splendid old walnut tree. Here surely is an ideal place wherein to weave a garden phantasy or conjure up a greenwood romance. We are now in the realm of more natural beauty, and, except for a border of bedding plants at the base of a wall near the flight of steps, no trace of conventionality meets the eye. There are emerald lawns, on which deciduous and evergreen trees flourish. Oaks and elms, tulip trees, copper beeches and their brethren, weeping ashes, yews, laburnums, great aucubas, and a host of other beautiful evergreen and flowering trees and shrubs, diversify the scene. Then, in the changing seasons, we chance upon delightful pictures and peeps of colour. A colony of paeonies is blooming on a wide lawn, around which low-branched trees have

made a rampart; fresh pink monthly roses are clustering round a weathered statue of their goddess Flora; syringas are shedding their fragrance on the gale; and Scotch brier roses enter a quiet retreat through a honeysuckle-covered archway.

Further on we discover an octagon summer-house to rest in, built round an ancient apple tree, open to all the winds of heaven, beloved of birds, and wreathed with climbing roses, honeysuckle, ivy, jasmine, and clematis. Around it are horse-shoe-shaped beds of carnations, dwarf roses, and pansies, edged with London pride, and behind these a mixed border, filled with the stronger-growing hardy perennials—giant evening primroses, tall daisy-flowers, delphiniums, phloxes, the old-fashioned double white rockets, and lovely Madonna lilies.

But we find, perhaps, a more charming part of the pleasure grounds still, if we leave the central vista, flanked by greensward and umbraeous trees, and terminated in the distance by the carven figures of shepherd and shepherdess, and strike to the left, where the sound of running water is heard. We emerge then upon the banks of a murmuring brook, an early stream of the Yeo, over-arched by trees, and flowing between fern-covered banks, with many a silent deep and many a babbling shallow, until it passes beneath the span of that graceful bridge amid flag-irises and forget-me-nots. How delightful, we think, to play croquet or tennis on a lawn by such a stream.

Ven House has a garden of woodland and flowers;

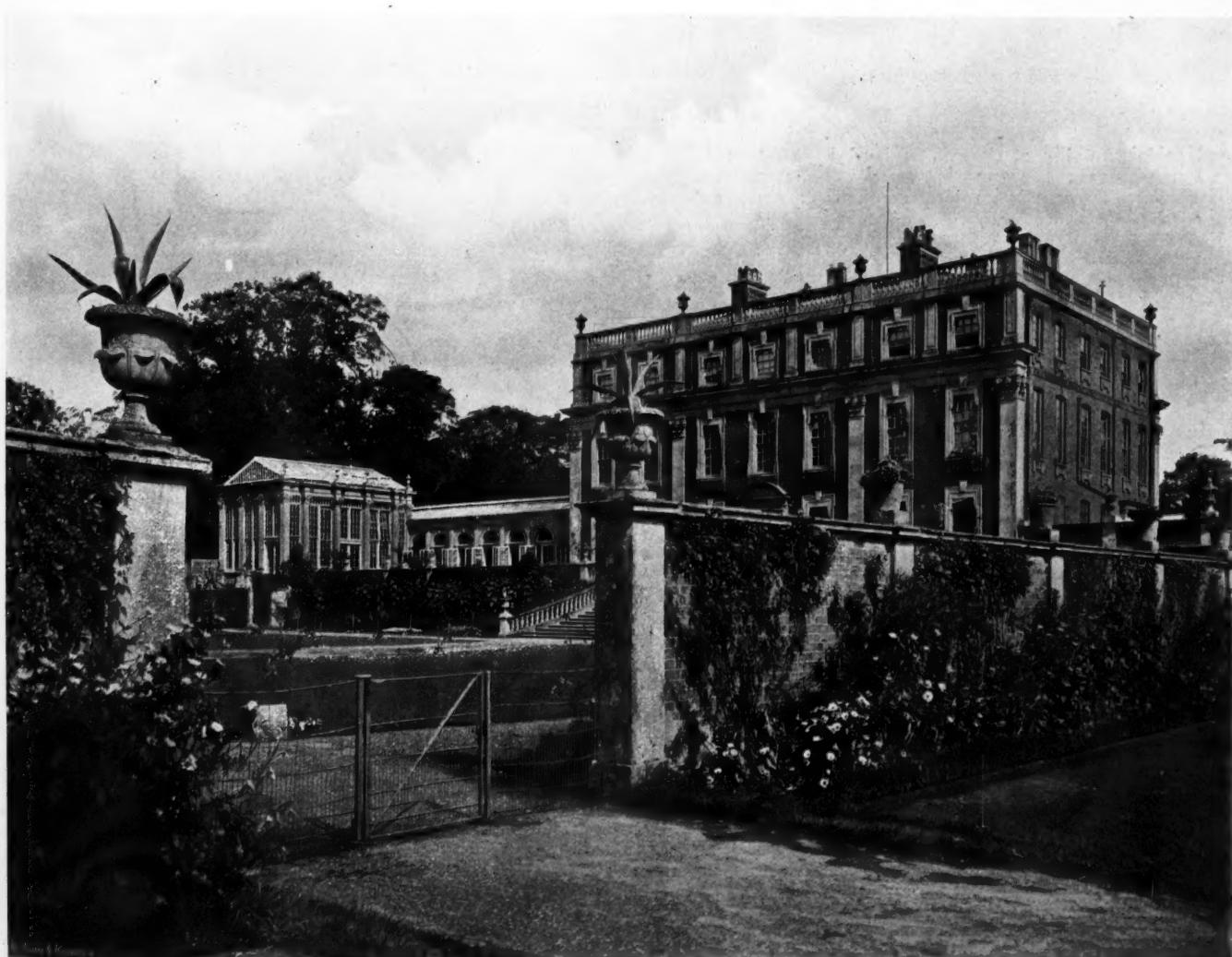


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THE ASCENT TO THE TERRACES.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

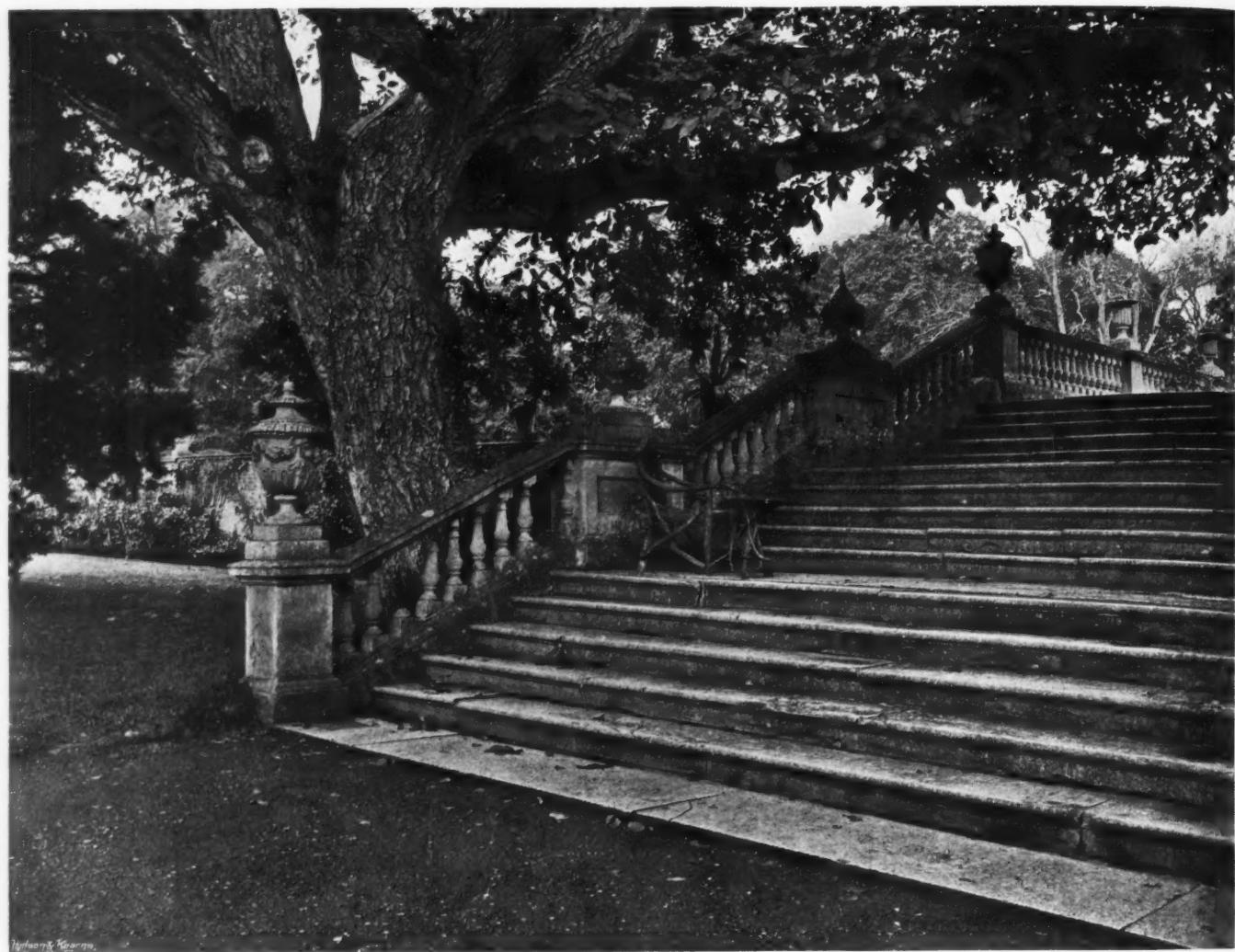
almost wherever you go the air is filled with fragrance. The centre walks are gay, behind their box edging, with fine arrays of hardy flowers, and you pass beneath many a rose-laden arch. The inner walled garden has the same character. Carnations and daffodils line each side of the centre path, while the rose-arches are masses of bloom,



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THE VARIED GARDENS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



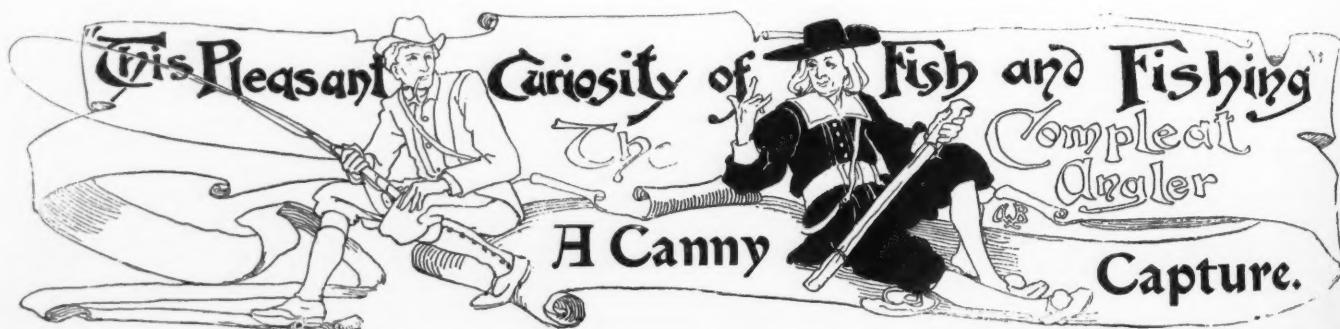
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THE OLD WALNUT TREE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and colonies of lily of the valley hard by produce in due season plenteous harvests of their delicate and odorous blossoms. To convey an idea of such delights, however,

is difficult indeed, but the pictures will enable the reader to realise how really beautiful and characteristic are the gardens of Ven House.



THE Laird was not quite sure about the new keeper. But the Laird was no Scot, and his Scotch appellation was merely inherited with his estate. He was ruminating now as he stood in the gun-room, mechanically turning the leaves of his fly-book. The subject of his thoughts disturbed him. The keeper had come in to look over the guns and tackle, while the rain, which was pouring in torrents, prevented his work out of doors.

"Good morning, Haig," said his master; "this rain will put the river in spate."

"It's a wee saft," replied the man, saluting and giving his huge form a shake on the mat, before venturing further into the room.

"Good for the fish, eh?"

"Bad for the fly."

"I said nothing about the fly. Of course it's no good with the water in an opaque condition. I spoke of the fish."

The Laird was annoyed. He had a feeling that the keeper had no great opinion of his master's sporting capabilities.

"Ay, the feesh. I mak' nae doot but tha'll tak' a elephant the morn."

The words were uttered slowly, with some slight hesitancy of speech.

"You think they'll be hungry?" said the Laird, willing to prolong the conversation. But the keeper had applied himself to the gun-rack, and was busy and silent. It was this reticence that puzzled the Laird. He never could get the keeper to talk. He made up his mind that it sprang from secretiveness, and distrusted the man accordingly.

"The man's a crank, like most of these Scotch fellows," he said to himself;

"but if he means to be insolent, I won't put up with it." Then aloud, "Haig, you heard me speak?"

"Ay, sir," without raising his head.

"I asked you a question."

"Aboot the feesh?"

"Yes."

"I'm thinkin' as thae wha has thrawn a cast nigh on a score o' years sud ken."

The tone was perfectly respectful, but it galled the Laird, who only yesterday had told the man that he had been accustomed to salmon-fishing for nearly twenty years.

"Look here, Haig," he exclaimed hotly, "if you would serve me, you must keep a civil tongue in your head; understand that."

The man looked up from his work in silent astonishment, and the Laird stalked out of the room. He shut himself up in his study to read once more the unimpeachable character of Donald Haig, as given by his late master, and the letter which accompanied it, stating that Haig left entirely by his own wish through some disagreement with the men under him.

"Has a beastly temper, I expect," was the Laird's silent comment.

The rest of the letter was expressive of regret at losing so valuable a servant.

The Laird became thoughtful. A really trustworthy, valuable man was indispensable to him, who only lived on his estate a few months in the year for the sake of the sport. But City and continental life had made him doubt human nature generally, and this man's silence and hesitation in speech made him more than ordinarily suspicious.

About a fortnight after this, the Laird summoned the keeper to his study.

"Haig, I have good authority for knowing that the river will be poached to-night." Then, as the keeper made no comment, he continued, "Ruffians come down from Aberdeen, you know, and try it on."

"Ay," with a nod.

Apparently Haig's conversational powers did not grow in proportion to his familiarity with his surroundings.

"What would you propose doing?" The Laird asked the question with some asperity. The very name of poacher tried his temper, and the keeper seemed entirely unmoved.

"I'll see to it," was the slow reply.

"How? I must know what you intend doing."

For answer Haig squared his massive chest and doubled up a weighty fist.

"Gin tha come, tha must reckon wi' that," and he brought his fist down with some force into the palm of his other hand.

"You'd do better business with a stick," said the Laird; "some of these fellows are dangerous."

The keeper smiled grimly.

"Tammie Watson was a braw mon; he wa in bed mair than a ween days frae a little poondin' wi' this."

Haig eyed his fist approvingly, then dropped his arm to his side.

"How about assault, Haig? The law can reach you even in these wilds, you know."

The keeper chuckled.

"Let them as I lay hans on bring me afore a Justice to answer for it gin tha ha a mind tae."

The Laird nodded, approving the man's spirit.

"Very well," he said, "make your own arrangements, and have watchers if you think it necessary."

Towards midnight that same evening the Laird buttoned himself up in an old coat and turned up the collar. Pulling a deer-stalker well down over his eyes, he sallied forth.

"Dare say the man's in bed snoring," he said to himself, as with the least possible noise he made his way through the shrubbery and down a winding foot-path to the river.

The wanling moon, at times obscured by passing clouds, cast but a fitful light upon the rugged path beside the river; added to which, the irregular border of undergrowth and trees that sloped down to it, and in places overgrew it, made walking no easy matter.

For over half-an-hour the Laird stealthily picked his way, keeping as much as possible in the cover of the trees. It seemed a great deal longer to him in the silent darkness, broken only by the water's murmur.

"Thought as much," he soliloquised; "the beggar won't suit me. Don't believe there's a soul about. Nothing like taking a man off his guard to find out what he's worth."

Here his thoughts reverted to his friend Teddy Long, from whom he had borrowed this ruse of fictitious poachers to test his keeper.

"Smart fellow Teddy—Americans always are. It paid him too. He had found his keeper to be an actual accomplice of the poachers. Took Teddy three nights to find out. One was enough for him. Evidently Haig was not alive to his master's interests. He must go."

The Laird was standing still now, leaning over a rock and gazing absently into the depths of a favourite pool. The moon came out for a moment and caught the reflection of the water. The next instant the Laird was flung to the ground, and a torrent of heavy-fisted blows showered upon him.

"I-I-I'll t-t-t-tache ye t-t-tae ken yon b-b-burn is n-n-no p-p-p-public land!"

The man's fury seemed to have taken away his power of articulation. He was beside himself.

"Stop it, Haig; for God's sake, stop it," gasped his victim.

As suddenly as it commenced the onslaught ceased. The keeper seemed struck both dumb and powerless as he fell back; and the Laird, gathering himself together, rose to his feet. His nose was bleeding, and one eye at least would be black by daylight. Staggering to a stone, he bathed his face, silently—perhaps sadly—reflective.

"Someone had been a fool," he argued. He was inclined to think it was Teddy.

The moon got clear of the clouds just then, and the Laird caught sight of the keeper, standing like a statue in the shadow of a tree. The Laird began to laugh—a painful process in his bruised state.

"Shake hands, Haig. You're 'real cute,' as they say in America, and it was a 'canny capture,' as you say in the North."

"Losh keep me! I'm thinkin' I was clean daft no' to hae kenned ye!" and the keeper grasped his master's hand in an iron grip.

"How could you in the dark?—it was no fault of yours. But, I say, I shall be a beauty to-morrow. Your fist and a sledge-hammer must be near akin."

The keeper shook his head.

"I thought ye war a poacher the while."

The tone was meant to be apologetic, and the Laird smiled. He had heard somewhere that a Scotchman never apologised, and now he believed it.

"Perhaps in one sense I wish I had been," he replied. Then, as a thought occurred to him, he continued: "Look here, Haig, people will wonder why I look so battered—it's sure to get all round the neighbourhood; so I've had an affray with poachers, who escaped after knocking me about a bit, just before you came to the rescue. Do you understand?"

"Ay, ay, an' I'm oblieged to ye, sir. Did they ken o' my mistak', my life wad be no quiet frae theer jeerin'."

The Laird gave a short laugh.

"That little fiction is more for my sake than for yours, I think."

"Hablin's I'll be gone the morn?" said the keeper, after a slight pause.

"Gone! Where?"

"Tae seek anither place. Ye'll no care I sud bide wi' ye noo."

"We'll talk of that another time, if necessary," the Laird replied.

"Thank ye, sir," said the keeper, simply, touching his cap.

The fact was, the Laird had felt quite sure of his man ever since he had tested the power of his fist. And with some curiosity he also observed that all hesitation in the keeper's speech had vanished. The Laird rose to his feet.

"You must see me home, Haig; I'm rather knocked out of time."

Just before they reached the house the Laird turned to the keeper:

"Haig, I'm curious. I want you to satisfy me. This morning you spoke hesitatingly. To-night, when you were pommelling me, the words couldn't come fast enough, and you stammered. Since then, you have spoken naturally and clearly. Can you explain it?"

"Ay, can I." And in a few words the keeper told of a severe illness that had left him with a stammer, which was only controllable so long as he spoke very slowly; that they had made a sport of his infirmity in his last place, and he had left in consequence, for "I'm an unco devil to deal wi' in a temper."

"I know," said the Laird, uncomfortably aware of his swelling nose and closing eye. "But now you speak without hesitation—how is that?"

"The doctor said, gin I had a shock, it wad likely tak' it awa'. And this nicht ha I had a shock—you might hae blawn me ower when I kenned wha I war trouncin'."

"No Scotchman will be laughed at. No Scotchman will apologise," soliloquised the Laird, as he settled his painful head upon his pillow; "and if you set a trap for him, he won't fall into it—you do that yourself. Wonder what a Scotchman will do? Give you the most awful drubbing you ever had in your life, perhaps." The Laird's reflections took him no further.

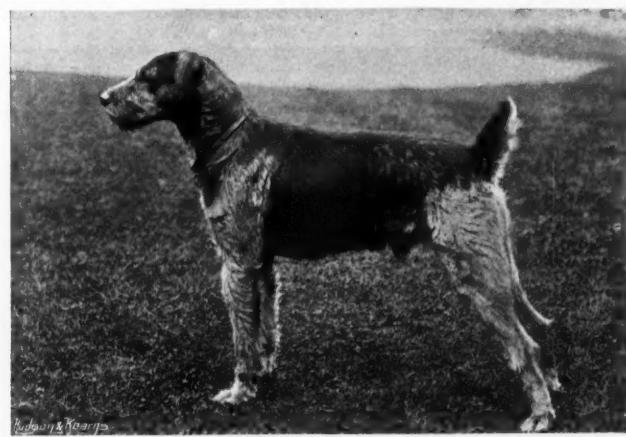
MARY MURRAY.

THE AIREDALE TERRIER.

THE rapid growth of popularity which has been attained by the Airedale in the South of England during the last few years is so remarkable, that it still remains a constant theme of conversation even amongst dog-lovers, to whom the variety has been known for generations. The Airedale, or, as he is often styled, the water-side terrier, is a native of the North of England, amongst the inhabitants of which he possesses many friends and admirers as an extremely game dog, and a capital worker in water. Unfortunately his size, about 40lb., more or



T. Fall, BROADLANDS BUNDLE. Baker Street.



T. Fall, BROADLANDS BUNKUM. Baker Street.

less, and generally more, precludes the Airedale from being included in the category of terriers proper, as he is too big for most earths; but he is a first-rate workman on shore, and when hunting along the banks of a river there are few dogs that can equal him, for his close wiry jacket enables him to withstand the effects of wet; whilst, being such a big dog, he is more than a match for any sort of vermin he may fall across.

Still, in spite of the many recommendations which he possesses, the Airedale was gradually beginning to lose ground, so far as the support accorded to him by the exhibitors of dogs was concerned, until he was seriously taken in hand by a few

enthusiastic dog-lovers in the South of England; and since their patronage was extended to him the number of his friends has steadily increased. It would, however, be incorrect to suggest that the popularity of the Airedale is equal to that of several other varieties of terrier which can go to ground easily, being of a more convenient size for that class of work; but at the same time the owner of an Airedale kennel can usually get a good deal of fun out of his dogs if he goes about it the right way, for, as before observed, the breed is dead game, and will tackle anything alive; added to which, he is a natural hunter, and easily kept under control. The Airedale, moreover, possesses another great recommendation in the eyes of many dog-lovers, this being the possession of a very hardy constitution, which causes little trouble to his breeders during the earlier stages of his career; and in this respect he certainly compares favourably with many other varieties, though it is quite possible that the unwonted luxuries which are indulged in by the latter-day representatives of the race may in due course of time produce the usual results upon the coats and stamina of as yet unborn generations.

At present, however, the Airedale shows no signs of deterioration, but rather the reverse, as, thanks to the efforts made by the new circle of supporters by which he is surrounded, the breed has never before been represented by so many fine specimens; and his harsh pin-wire jacket rarely shows any of those symptoms of silkiness which are usually associated in the dog world with a life of ease. Nor has another great characteristic of the variety, strength of jaw, diminished in the slightest extent,



T. Fall,

BACHELOR.

Baker Street.

for no breed of the canine race impresses those who understand dogs more with an idea that the animal they are looking over

possesses great punishing power than does the Airedale; whilst his muscular, yet graceful neck, powerful back, quarters and loins, and heavy-boned straight fore legs, to say nothing of the length and slope of his shoulders, all assist in rendering this dog a wonderful combination of activity and strength. In the opinion of some people the Airedale may be objected to as being rather too leggy to be attractive; whilst others may take exception to his homely tan colour, and black or grizzled saddle; but there can be no getting over the wear and tear, workman-like appearance of the Airedale, which is so admirably portrayed in several of the accompanying illustrations, which represent some of the choicest specimens belonging to the kennel of Mr. A. Clarkson, of Highgate.

Foremost amongst these is the well-known BROADLANDS BUNKUM, which in the course of an existence of about four and a-half years has won some hundred cups, medals, and money prizes in the highest company, in addition to which he has sired many excellent puppies. The illustration of Bunkum may therefore be unhesitatingly accepted as an excellent likeness of a first-rate Airedale, as it presents an ideal profile; the well-chiselled yet abnormally powerful muzzle, the strong, graceful neck, the nice short back, and well-ribbed-up loins all being displayed to the best advantage.

In BROADLANDS BUNDLE those interested in Airedales will find a bitch which not only has won many prizes herself, but has proved her merits by producing puppies which have won at important shows; whilst the fact that she is only two years and a-half old leaves room for the belief that there is still much that can be accomplished by her, both in the show-ring and as a matron. The group of three young



T. Fall,

THE PICK OF THE KENNELS.

Baker Street.



T. Fall,

THREE WINNING PUPPIES FROM ONE LITTER.

Baker Street.

Airedales, Broadlands Bashful, Broadlands Buckthorn, and Broadlands Blue Belle, is one of which their breeder, Mr. Clarkson, who is taken with them, is entitled to feel proud, as each of the three is already a winner, and all are members of one litter from Broadlands Bundle. Of the trio, BASHFUL, before she was ten months old, won nineteen first prizes and specials, including the championship at Darlington; whilst Buckthorn, recently sold to a North Country admirer of Airedales, took two first and three special prizes at Accrington, and one at Birkenhead; and Blue Belle scored a first and two specials at Colchester. In regarding the likenesses of these three excellent puppies, it will be seen that the head of Buckthorn is scarcely the equal of that of Bashful, as may be proved by comparing them with those of Bunkum and Bundle; whilst Blue Belle, though a very terrier-looking sort, unfortunately fails in colour to them both; but no doubt there is a



T. Fall.

DUCHESS OF LANCASTER. Baker Street.



T. Fall,

BASHFUL.

Baker Street.

bright future before her. DUCHESS OF LANCASTER is a lovely type of bitch, and, though now six and a-half years old, appears to be full of life and spirits, but if her likeness is compared with that of Bundle, it will be seen that she was out of coat when taken, and is lighter in bone and muscle; still, she possesses a good record as a prize-winner. Champion Rustic Kitty, who occupies a prominent position in the group of six, has had a wonderfully successful show career; in fact, when in her prime, she was regarded by many experts as the best representative of her sex alive. Now, however, as her public career is over, her owner has relegated her to the stud, where, as might be anticipated, she has already proved a complete success, and no doubt will live to be the dam of still more famous offspring.

BOOKS OF

THE DAY

THIS week, after much promiscuous reading of the new books that fall fast as the leaves in autumn, I select three as being worthy of special notice. Of these the first is Mr. Wasey Sterry's excellent "Annals of the King's College of Our Lady of Eton beside Windsor" (Methuen). The dedication prepares one for flippancy, for it is addressed "to C. G. B., who has taken no interest in the compilation of this book, in all probability will not read it, and was not even an Eton boy, but yet, in the Eton speech of an older day, is assuredly the best of 'cons.' " But the flippancy goes no further than the dedication, and on the whole the reader rejoices. The plain truth of the matter is that, in spite of Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte, and "Etoniana," and Willis and Clark, there was, perhaps still is, plenty of interesting matter to be recorded concerning that great school which, almost ever since its foundation in 1440 by Henry VI., has been the nursery of English statesmen, of English soldiers, of English gentlemen. Mr. Sterry takes us from the beginning, when the King, following Wykeham's model, transplanted Waynflete and at least a few scholars from Winchester, to the present day of Dr. Warre. He is learned but never pedantic, full but never laborious, and his book makes admirable reading, even for those who had not the fortune to pass their schooldays at Eton. In a measure those beautiful buildings in that most picturesque situation, and the thousands of personal memories connected with the place, are a national possession. We cannot all be old Etonians, but those who are not such can sympathise with those who are, and all of us have our share in the stories of the Eton days of Percy Bysshe Shelley, of William Ewart Gladstone, of Arthur Hallam, of Canning, of the Duke of Wellington, of Lord Roberts, and of a score besides. The world has read so much of the floggings of Dr. Keate that the skin of the unwhipt almost tingles at the thought of them. It is pleasing to find that Mr. Sterry has a good word for Keate, and that in his laudable Etonian enthusiasm he can discover evidence that even Shelley was not wretched at Eton. Of anecdotes, of scenes from the ancient and modern history of England, this book is bountiful. Perhaps most amusing of the pages are those which recount the amusements of Long Chamber. Blanket tossing was stopped in 1832, by reason of an accident to Rowland Williams. "Some incompetent tosser let go his corner of the blanket, and Williams came down, head foremost, on the edge of a bedstead, in such a way that he 'was completely scalped, as with a tomahawk, the scalp hanging down over the neck and back, suspended by only a small piece of skin. No skull was fractured, nor was there a concussion of the brain; indeed, beyond the pain of having the scalp sewn on again, and the natural irritation of the wound, he did not suffer either at the time or in after life.' " If, as this writer thinks most probable, this was the same Rowland Williams who wrote in "Essays and Reviews," and was held worthy to be associated with Temple and Jowett, it is clear that his scalping did him no harm intellectually. Rat-hunting was a great sport of Long Chamber, as, indeed, it was at one time in Upstairs Sixth Chamber at Winchester. (The principal hole there used to be under a bed in the south-west corner of the room, and a bootlace noose, ingeniously placed, did great execution.) At Eton they caught them in stockings, the plan being to watch the rats leave their holes, and then to insert in each hole the toe of a stocking. The rats would then run into the leg end of the stocking, which would be seized and banged against anything handy. "Tophetying," a Winchester name for tying a string to a sleeping boy's toe, and then dragging him up and down the room, existed at Eton also. It sounds a great deal worse than it was, for although it might be made excruciatingly painful, it was no doubt usually done in a good-humoured way. But, whether I will or no, space bids me pause and lay aside this pleasant, gentlemanlike, and scholarly book, recommending it to all and sundry with delighted sincerity.

Now for a novel, Sir Walter Besant's "The Changeling" (Chapman and Hall), for which I have a greater respect than appears to be held by many of my brother critics. That, being the honest view of one not prone to admire without discrimination, must be the position frankly adopted. For the life of me I cannot see why the critics have "gone baldheaded" for Sir Walter Besant. It is true that the beginning of the story is not constructed on probable lines. The young wife of an Anglo-Indian official might come to England with her child; the child might die; neither of these events is unusual. But if the wife, anxious to spare her returning husband from shock, desired to buy a substitute, she would not find the enterprise so easy as it was for Lady Woodroffe. Even in a slum of Birmingham it would be dangerous to go, without preliminary, to a "shilling-a-bottle-of-medicine-and-advice" doctor, and to ask him to buy a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy of eighteen months. This, however, is effected, and the sequel, the development of the hereditary character of the boy, is worked out in the most artistic and interesting manner. The babe is the son of a light-hearted, conscienceless comedian and singer who has deserted his decent, truthful, obstinate wife. He grows up, as the complaisant doctor had foretold might be the case, artistic and musical in a small way, utterly selfish, unfeeling, and vain. There are all sorts of complications, for the original mother comes to England again, from America, this time as the wife of a millionaire, and she wants her son back; and the little doctor from the back-slum of Birmingham has risen to the head of his profession, and an opportunity is given for scenes pathetic and scenes ludicrous—too ludicrous, perhaps, in the case of the poor relations who come to see the millionaire and his wife in squalid column, so to speak—and for the necessary element of love-making. In a word, this is a clever mixture of comedy and tragedy, carefully, and on occasion playfully, worked out by a pen which never fails in grace.

The third book on my list has been disposed of by the *Spectator* in a few serenely contemptuous lines. Yet the *Spectator* loves dog stories, and "Owd Bob," by Alfred Ollivant (Methuen), is all a dog story. What is more, I do not hesitate to say that those who know dogs and are their friends will agree in the opinion that Mr. Ollivant writes of dogs with a depth of knowledge of canine character and with a sympathy of touch which have not been equalled since the days of "Horace Subsecive." Is there still a happy man or woman unacquainted with that exquisite book? If so there is for him or her rare enjoyment in store and easily accessible; but that is by the way, and "Owd Bob" is the business of my pen. Before telling something of the ways of "Owd Bob," one of the grey dogs of Kenmuir, of his great achievements, and of his life-long rivalry with the tyke known as Wullie, or the Terror, or the Black Killer, it may be well to state that the book is by no means wanting in human interest, and that there is not a single lay figure among the *dramatis personae*. Indeed, there has seldom appeared a better sketch, in words, of the weather-beaten life of the sheep farmers of the dales, or of their simple and hardy customs. There is rustic love in the book, too; but the main interest is concentrated upon sturdy James Moore of Kenmuir and his grey dog Bob, and upon cross-grained and drunken Adam M'Adam and his Red Wullie. Bob is the hero of the book—a grey dog of Kenmuir. "Money cannot win one, neither love, for a Moore would as soon think to kill his child as to part with a grey dog." He is "a very perfect, gentle knight clothed in dark grey habit, splashed here and there with rays of moon; free, by right divine, of the guild of gentlemen, strenuous as a prince, lithe as a rowan, graceful as a girl, with high king-carriage, motions and manners of a fairy queen." He has "a noble breadth of brow, an air of still strength born of right confidence, all unassuming," and "two snow-cloud eyes, calm, wistful, inscrutable, their soft depths clothed on

with eternal sadness—yearning, as is said, for the soul that is not theirs." Surely a fine description is this of a noble creature. M'Adam's Wullie, a hideous red pup which he picked up on the mountain-side, is the other leading dog of the book. Hated by all, and hating all, as his venomous master is hated and hates, Wullie, the tailless dog, grows into a sheepdog of immense strength and ferocity. It were pleasant to linger over the early encounters between Bob and Wullie, the spiteful sayings of M'Adam, the rustic nobility of James Moore, the undying hatred of M'Adam for Bob. But the book contains 320 pages, all of them worth reading, and one must be content to mention the most striking scenes. First among these is the great sheepdog trial for "the cup," which Wullie wins, for M'Adam has so taunted Moore that he will not enter Bob. Wullie's methods are well sketched. "He worked with the savage fury that always characterised him . . . There was no waiting, no coaxing; it was drive and devilry all through . . . while little M'Adam, hopping agilely about, his face ablaze with excitement, handled dog and sheep with a masterly precision that compelled the admiration even of his enemies." A year passes, and the two rivals meet for the cup. "The styles of the rivals were well contrasted: the patience, the insinuating eloquence, the splendid dash of the one, and the infernal bully fury of the other." Bob wins; but it is found that M'Adam has not brought the championship cup to the meeting, and the mob would fain lynch him on the spot. But M'Adam crosses a plank bridge, and Wullie, "bull-head thrust forward, hackles up, teeth glinting, and an earth-shaking rumble in his throat," keeps the bridge as gallantly as the last of the Horatii. Another year: Bob wins again; and in the following year, when a third victory will win the cup outright, the excitement is tremendous, and verily the account of the trial, a very close thing, is a most skilful and intelligent piece of work. Then, round the circle of the Dales, runs the rumour, supported by sanguinary evidence, night after night, of a murderous sheepdog, and suspicion, but no more for a while, falls upon M'Adam's Terror. At last, however, Ow! Bob runs Wullie down, catching him *flagrante delicto*, but under circumstances which for a few moments seem to cast suspicion on his discoverer. Moore and M'Adam are present; the distress of the former is terrible, the jeering of the spiteful Scot is malignant. Then it becomes plain that the real murderer of silly sheep is Wullie. James Moore does not return railing for railing: he knows that there can be no deeper tragedy in a Dalesman's life. "Eh! Wullie," the Scot said in a low voice. "There was no anger in the tones, only an incomparable reproach; the sound of the cracking of a man's heart." "A man's mither, a man's wife, a man's dog! they're all I've iver had, and noo ain o' they three has turned agin me. Indeed I am alone!" Then David, M'Adam's ill-treated son, would fain comfort his father. But "Nay, nay, lad," the Master (James Moore) replied. "Yon's not a matter for a man's friends." So great is James Moore's heart that he never tells the story, and "the mystery of the Black Killer is still unsolved in the Dale-land." But the criminal, after a grim and deadly conflict, is executed by his kind. The other dogs note him alone in the paddock behind the inn. Saunderson's old Shep walks into the parlour; he saunters round to Rasper, and Lassie, and the publican's bull-terriers Grip and Grapple, and Mason's Gyp, and Venus. They slink out "with murder in their hearts"; and the Terror, to be fair to him, meets death like a hero, fighting to the last. It is a ghastly scene, but full of power and savage force; and M'Adam carries the huge carcass away. "In the Devil's Bowl, next day, they found the pair: Adam M'Adam and his dead Wullie face to face; each, save for the other, alone."

ALMOST EXTINCT.

EUROPEAN animals have almost driven out of the Australian continent the brute beasts which, solely by dint of the protection due to isolation, had survived there longer than in any other part of the world. The doom of the marsupial is as certain as that of the aboriginal Australian.



THE HUMPY.

But on top of the aboriginal Australian came a type of humanity which was also bound to disappear in time—the transported convict. Now many horrible and vivid things have been written of the transported convicts, of the dreadful scenes in the ships which conveyed them from the land of their birth to the land which they were forced to adopt, of their lawless behaviour when they landed, and of the Draconian severity



ANN THOMAS.

with which it was subdued and they were tamed. But the truth of the matter is that a great number of them were far from being abandoned villains. Forgers and thieves and the like criminals there were among them, no doubt, but many of them were poachers pure and simple; and for the poacher who has the sporting spirit, that is to say, for the man of many wiles and devices and of much woodcraft, who is not intent upon the market, the sportsman whose lines have been cast by destiny in more pleasant places has a certain qualified sympathy. More especially is this the case with regard to the salmon-poachers of Wales. It is very wrong of course; it is entirely reprehensible; but salmon-catching is in their blood and is instinctive to them. That is certainly true of the riparian dwellers of the Usk and of some of the Montgomeryshire rivers, and we have a shrewd suspicion that salmon-poaching, as practised by them, must be remarkably good fun. At any rate one cannot place them in the same moral class as the average felon. They are rather persons who, imbued with no extreme depravity, find themselves herded with the vilest criminals. To this category, the writer is reasonably assured, belonged Richard and Ann Thomas, shown on this page together with their humble country house, locally termed a "HUMPY," on the Georges River, near Sydney. Their characteristically Welsh faces, no less than their undoubtedly Cymric names, bewray them. Before they were translated to New South Wales they were familiar with the South Wales which is not now. Richard and his wife suffered transportation "for a trifling offence" more than sixty years ago. What their sufferings may have been during the earlier period of their Australian life history does not record

and they are beyond the reach of all suffering now. The very cause of their punishment is forgotten long ago; but it is not unsafe to hazard the conjecture that they suffered for spearing a salmon in one of the rushing rivers of South Wales. Such, at any rate, is the inference warranted by the story of the last thirty years of their associated lives by the Georges River. For all those years they maintained themselves by legitimate fishing, and they look as if they had lived pleasantly on the whole, and as if the pipes which they both loved had seldom been empty. The "humpy," it will be observed, was no palace; but it was as good as many a Cardiganshire cabin. They encouraged creepers to grow upon it, and they lived to a ripe old age in moderate comfort. On the whole they did not do so very badly for themselves when they went out salmon-spearing by night and had the misfortune to be caught. They were not wicked criminals; and they make an interesting picture.



THE OLD FULHAM FISHERY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reference to your article on the survival of the old Thames fishery, it may interest you to know that both Sir R. Dawes and Sir Nicholas Crisp—the latter of whom left his heart to be enclosed in an urn in Hammersmith Church, under a bust of King Charles I., whom he so faithfully served—held fishery rights in the Thames at Fulham, where Sir R. Crisp had a house above the Crab Tree. In parting with this right they reserved a rental of three salmon yearly. Fulham, which is soon likely to become a municipality, is to have a coat of arms, and it is evidence of the interest taken by the local authorities in the subject of the old fishery that three salmon are to occupy one quarter of the shield.—FULHAM.

THE COURTOON HARBOUR KNITTING INDUSTRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I be allowed through your columns to call the attention of the public to the Courtoon Harbour knitting industry, of which I am manager. This little undertaking (formed to benefit the poor inhabitants of the fishing village of Courtoon Harbour) is now in its fourth year of existence, and the workers ably sustain their reputation as excellent knitters; but our numbers are not sufficient to make a trade connection by taking contracts or shop orders, and I am therefore obliged from time to time to appeal to the kindness of the Press to make ourselves more widely known. I am always glad to receive orders for hosiery and other knitted goods suitable for ladies, gentlemen, children, or charitable purposes. We make to order, and, when preferred, customers' own materials are used. We have also at present in stock a supply of hosiery made during the slack time in summer, including fancy-topped golf or cycling stockings, at very moderate prices. Letters to be addressed to Lady Charlotte Stopford, Courtoon House, Gorey, Ireland.—CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH STOPFORD.

HIVELESS BEES IN ENGLAND.

MR. JUSTICE KENNEDY presents his compliments to the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE ILLUSTRATED, and, having read with interest the article on "Hiveless Bees in England" which is contained in the issue of the 8th inst., sends herewith two



photographs of combs made in the open air at King's Lynn by a swarm of bees in an orchard belonging to the residence of Mr. C. D. Seymour, J.P. The combs hang from the lower side of the bough of an apple tree. No one seems to have noticed either the fact that the bees had taken possession of the bough or the foundation of the combs until late in August, when the combs were in the state which is shown in the photographs.

[We gladly reproduce one of the pictures.—ED.]

SKYLARK SINGING IN MID-OCTOBER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think it may interest some of your readers to hear that on October 11th, being on a heath in Sussex, I heard a skylark singing vigorously, and saw the little bird rising up in the air after the manner of its springtide habit. It was a warm morning, but the day afterwards clouded over and became quite raw and cold. It seems to me that it is so unusual to hear a skylark in full song—for this was no few broken bars, but a full melody—at this late season, that perhaps you may think the circumstance worth noticing in the columns of your excellent paper. I may also, perhaps, notice that the swallows are with us unusually late, and that in the beginning of the month I actually saw a house-martin still feeding its young in the nest.—SUSSEX.

A CURIOUS GOLDEN-RAYED LILY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of *Lilium auratum* bearing a double flower may be of sufficient interest to reproduce in COUNTRY LIFE. Is such a freak common? The plant bore two ordinary blooms at the same time, and the double flower was perfect, having twelve petals, twelve stamens, and two pistils.—PEMBERLEY.

[It is not a common occurrence in the case of this lily, although it is seen in some kinds, the Madonna lily (*L. candidum*) particularly. There is no explanation really of this departure from a normal form. It has been suggested that such freaks are due to the soil, but we believe them simply to be monstrosities, which occur in the animal as well as the vegetable world. Sometimes the freaks are ugly, but we shou'd think your almost double lily would be, in a way, very handsome; but such abnormal developments are not constant, that is, this lily will not produce next year a flower with double the number of petals possessed by the true form. Sports are freaks in a way, but these may as a rule be "fixed," that is, the shoot separated from the parent stem and propagated.—ED.]

COLLIES AND GORDON SETTERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the interesting notice of my collies in COUNTRY LIFE of the 8th inst., mention is made of a cross with the Gordon setter. It would be very interesting to trace out any such cross in the best collies of the present time. There are many breeders who can give their experiences on this point. Mr. Shirley, the president of the Kennel Club, can go a very long way back, as he was the breeder of the black, tan, and white collies, Trefoil and Tricolour, dogs that did so much for the improvement of the breed. Mr. W. W. Thomson also has done great things for tricolours and black and whites, and was the owner of Marcus, one of the best collies of his day, and is still an ardent lover of dogs of these colours. There is Mr. Charles Wheeler also, who has bred and owned so many black and tan and other coloured collies, and who has done so much for the production of the present beautiful type of collie, and who, if I am not mistaken, would set his face like a flint against any collie with setter blood in their veins. We fortunately have the Kennel Club Stud Book, in which we can trace the pedigrees of all the leading collies of the day. Sable collies are very taking to the eye, but they have never supplanted their black and tan progenitors, the latter being as popular still as when Trefoil, Tricolour, Mee, Carlyle, Hero, Marcus, Rutland, Midge, Zulu Princess, Ormskirk Amazement, and others, did so much winning in their day. Again, as to the breed having gained in beauty but deteriorated in intelligence, so that few of the leading winners figure at sheepdog trials. It stands to reason that a dog kept always at work from puppydom must have had all his wits sharpened, and be better able to do his natural work as a sheepdog than one that has had only three or six months' training, and has afterwards been kept only for the show bench. A dog coming straight from his work could not beat at sheepdog trials, a dog kept at home and used only for exhibition purposes. But if those most successful on the show bench had enjoyed the advantage of the same training as the dogs that are worked constantly, they wou'd acquit themselves just as well as those very rough, workman-like, and intelligent dogs that carry off the prizes at sheepdog trials. There is no question that all ought to be trained, as the progeny of well-broken dogs inherit the good qualities of their parents, and gradually lose their taste for work and skill in performing it when kept only for the show bench. But no dog ought to get prizes at shows if unable to move freely, so as to be capable of discharging his work as a sheepdog. It is unfortunate that judges too often award prizes to the best-looking animals, irrespective of their power to do their natural work. Hoping that fanciers will give their experiences and views on these interesting points in your valuable columns.—HANS F. HAMILTON.

N.B.—Woodmansterne Titan is a nephew of Ormskirk Emerald, not a brother, as stated in your paper.

CHISWICK HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—Some time ago a report appeared in several papers that the builder was about to work his wicked will on the grounds of Chiswick House. This report we denied, and several journals published the denial. I notice that the writer of the article accompanying your beautiful pictures in COUNTRY LIFE for October 15th makes the same mistake, and I should be most obliged if you would correct it. Chiswick House grounds are not being encroached upon by the builder. I enclose my card.—M.A., M.M.B., OXON.

[We are indebted to our courteous correspondent for a piece of excellent good news.—ED.]

THE EFFECT OF MUSIC ON DOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—I should be so grateful if you could tell me the reason—if there is a reason—why my little dog howling when any sort of musical instrument is being played. The dog is a Pomeranian, and sets up most heart-rending shrieks whenever the piano, etc., is touched. Curiously enough he does not attempt to run away from the objectionable noise, but always goes towards the instrument, as if fascinated by it. He does not mind the bass, but simply howls if the treble is attempted. No amount of correction or beatings have proved of any avail. Some say it comes from a defect in the hearing, others that he really enjoys it and is joining in. But if this latter is the case, his way of trying to sing is an extreme nuisance to all the family, and I should be very glad if you could offer a solution to the puzzle.—E. T. N.

[Our correspondent's difficulty is of the drawing-room, rather than of the kennel, and is of general interest, for the too vocal dog is a source of amusement or of annoyance, according to the mood of the audience, all the world over. The matter is on: upon which we willingly invite the opinions of our readers. For our own part we know of no cure for the dog who howls to the piano; it would probably be useless to chastise, and it would certainly be unkind. Temporary banishment of the dog or disuse of the piano would meet the difficulty, and either course would have its supporters, for some persons do not like dogs, and others, with equal want of taste, abhor the music of the amateur. But the original difficulty remains, and one cannot tell whether the animal howls in joy or in sorrow. We have known dogs of many breeds, retrievers, collies, terriers of all kinds, to behave as doth this Pomeranian. They have all appeared to be fascinated and riveted to the spot, yet they have all looked as if the aesthetic pain which they were enduring were positively exhausting. But the appearances may very likely be quite misleading. When the dog seems to be fascinated he may be, very likely is, suffering aural torture, which almost paralyses his nerves. Even upon human beings the impression produced by musical sounds varies according to the recipient of the sounds. Every body knows the story of the servant who remonstrated with his mistress for leaving her daughter to the tender mercies of the music-master. "He must use her cruelly, for her screams are heart-breaking." Nor does the wretched countenance of the howling dog prove much. Who has not seen an ill-taught tenor struggling to produce his upper notes with a countenance expressive of acute agony? Yet the odds are that all the time he is thinking himself the finest singer in the world. Very likely the dog is of the same mind, for many dogs are full of vanity.—ED.]

SORENESS IN AN IRISH TERRIER'S EYES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—After taking my Irish terrier out for a longish day among rabbits, in turnips, rough hedges, etc., she comes back at night with her eyes almost closed, matter streaming out of them, swollen, bloodshot, and apparently suffers a good deal of pain from them. Is there any danger of her losing her eyesight if this happens often? What treatment would you recommend me to use? Advice on this matter would be very gratefully received, as she is most useful among rabbits, and I don't want to have to give up using her for this kind of sport.—HERBERT ALISON.

[The inflammation is probably due to your terrier's eyes coming in contact with branches when beating the hedges, and if so, is simply local. You might try bathing them when she comes in with weak tea; or else procure from your chemist a mixture of gourd water, and apply.—ED.]

SHOOTING GOSSIP.

THE deer-stalking season, now over, has been a fairly good one, both as regards the amount of sport obtained and the value of the trophies secured in the forests. Stags never were more numerous than they were found to be during the past autumn in every deer forest, and not since the record year of 1893 have the antlers brought down shown so many tines. This has been accounted for by the extraordinary mildness of last winter and spring, and the dry character of the succeeding summer months, which enabled the deer to quickly recover from the effects of the last rutting season, and to get early into condition for benefiting from the luxurious summer pasture in the corries. In wet, cold weather deer do not thrive, rain disagreeing with them more than frost and snow, owing to their inability to find dry resting-grounds, so necessary to their getting early into the requisite condition. We had, indeed, a wonderfully dry and mild spring and summer, with a warm autumn, without a succession of rainy days and nights at any period, and deer, from the first appearance of the young grass on the hills, began to thrive amazingly in every forest, ultimately carrying heads as good as their haunches were heavy. It is only now that one is able to form any proper estimate of the relative position of the stalking season, for rifles were busy in the forests until mid-October, and it is generally ten days later before the last of the forest trophies obtained become generally known. September saw stalking in full swing, deer-stalkers being fully occupied in all the forests, whose antlered denizens were early in prime condition of horn and haunch; but it was not until the advent of October that the best of the forest trophies were reported. Until then sportsmen were inclined to believe that while stags

were numerous and heavy in body, handsome and many-tined heads were comparatively scarce, if success in bringing them down were to be judged by reports in the journals of sport. September did not yield very many finely-antlered heads, and one might almost have been inclined to believe that the stalking year was likely to show a very indifferent result compared with the majority of previous ones. But October sport opened well, and concluding brilliantly, redeemed stalking from any reproach. Royal and imperial heads were daily reported in considerable numbers, largely increasing the average value of the season's trophies, and ranking the sport and its results not far behind the record year of the present decade. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to particularise individual successes in the forests. We know that Sir Greville Smythe, Bart., at Brodick, in Arran, brought down an unusually large number of finely-antlered stags, including many royal and imperial heads, one of the latter bearing as many as sixteen points; that Lord Burton and his party, at Glenquoich, had a very successful season, even for that old-established forest; that, though the Duke of Westminster did not stalk the famous Reay Forest himself, his son accounted for some of the finest heads of the season; that the Duke of Sutherland grazed at least one splendid antlered stag, besides many other good heads; while the Duke of Portland rejoices in the possession of some of the finest stalking trophies that his extensive forest of Langwell ever produced. Royal and imperial heads almost equally good have been reported as secured on Guisachan by Lord Tweedmouth and the Honourable Dudley Marjoribanks, on Glencarron by Mr. Sidney Platt, on Lochluichart by Mr. Harold Cookson, on Mairnmore by Mr. Bibby, on Attadale by Baron Schroeder, on Affscar by Earl Cadogan, on Benalder by Mr. Max Michaelis, on Alvie by Sir Edward Sassoon, on Branlen by Mr. I. F. Mason, and on Meobie by Mr. Walter Jones. Of handsome eleven and ten pointers there is a very long list, which speaks well for the average character of the season's trophies from the forests, as well as for the amount of sport they yielded. So satisfactory indeed was the sport, that we already hear of well-known stalkers having taken their forests for another year, taking the risk of what it may bring forth. There is of course much less risk in thus early securing a deer forest than in securing the lease of a grouse moor, with all the attendant possibilities of grouse disease and bad weather at the hatching period. There are also forests and forests. On the well-known and long-established forest there is no risk whatever of any failure of stalking sport, for even in a very severe winter its antlered occupants can be hand-fed, and thus in great measure preserved from destruction by hunger and cold. It is on the more recently cleared forest, let from season to season, and less carefully preserved accordingly, that any risks might be run, and these even being minimised as proprietors recognise it to be to their interest to help their herds over trying times. Veteran sportsmen devoted to stalking would find only one drawback to such a season as that now past, and that is the increased and increasing ease with which stags can be brought low. On the one hand we have a great improvement in arms of precision, enabling the sportsman using the sporting Lee-Metford or Mannlicher to kill his quarry at a longer range, doing away with the last critical 100yds. of the stalk, and on the other we have, in some even of the larger forests, an infusion of the blood of English park deer, which tends to make the Highland stags tamer and more easily approached by the stalker. One can scarcely hold that there is no foundation for this view. But most things have been made easier in these days, and we need not wonder that stalking is no longer such hard, arduous work as it was in the days of Scrope.

The last of the grouse shooters has now left Northern latitudes, and such bags as may be obtained during November and the first ten days of December will mostly be made by the keepers, anxious that the game books should show as good records as possible. But even October grouse are very well able to take care of themselves, and November is very unlikely to see large additions made to the totals. For when the birds are packed and wild it takes very straight powder to bag even a sufficient supply for the tables of the proprietors. Skilful shooting may yet add a few brace to the season's bags, even if the birds have to be stalked, driving being too expensive a mode for keepers on their rounds. But on the great majority of moors good bags have already been recorded, and it does not matter that the rather heavy breeding stocks remaining should be somewhat decreased before winter fairly sets in. However well-heathered a moor may be, there is a limit to the number of birds that can safely winter on it. The food supply it can afford is a measurable quantity, and when more is required, owing to an over-stock of grouse, mischief is bound to be done to all of them during a long and severe frost. Hardy grouse may be, but they want food like all other living animals, and when the supply is stinted they are open to disease, which to them means death. If we are to have a hard winter, then the moors that were over-shot will fare better, probably, than the under-shot ones, if any there are. Good keepers can estimate pretty correctly the proper stock of birds for each of their moors, assuming normal winter weather, and where it is exceeded, according to the situation of the moor—for an acre of Perthshire heather can carry more grouse than one in Argyllshire, for instance—the harder they shoot for the next few weeks the more likely they are to show good results next autumn.

Nowhere, except in the northern half of Scotland, has partridge shooting been up to the average, and that exception was simply owing to the lateness with which the hatching-out process was completed, fortunately enabling the young chicks to avoid the cold rains of last June. We hear most doleful accounts of the poorness of the partridge crop in every quarter, and even the large driving parties on the larger manors, now concluding, have not, so far as we can gather, had anything like their accustomed sport. The popular little partridge has had a bad time; its chicks were all—or nearly all—drowned in June, and such bags as have been made have consequently contained an unduly large proportion of old birds. A multitude of gunners have been deprived of a great deal of their autumn enjoyment with the gun, and their grumbling is in the air, while their gun-makers note that their demand for ammunition shows a lamentable decline from that of the average of the last five years. Only where rearing is adopted are good bags possible, or was successful shooting recorded during the last few weeks. Like the pheasant, and unlike the grouse, the homely partridge takes kindly to care and attention in feeding and preserving, and out of evil may come good if the present failure of the partridge leads to a greater measure of rearing young birds and so ensuring better shooting.

As to covert-shooting, now near at hand, nowhere are any doubts expressed as to the favourable issue of the country-house shooting season. All the coverts, with insignificant exception, are fully stocked with strong, well-developed birds, and as soon as the trees are quite bereft of foliage exceptionally good sport is confidently expected. The pheasant may in some measure make amends for the back-slidings of the partridge.

NEVIS.



"When a Man's in Love."

WITH the dainty after-glow of "The Adventure of Lady Ursula" in our mind's eye, "When a Man's in Love" came as a sad disappointment. For Mr. Anthony Hope is concerned as author in both plays—in the former he bears the whole brunt upon his own shoulders; in the latter he is a collaborator with Mr. Edward Rose. Coming directly after the huge success at the Duke of York's Theatre, the play at the Court seemed very stale, flat, and unprofitable. The same excellent dialogue is there, but the story is infinitely weaker and less artistic. In the first there is cohesion, form, advancing interest; in the last the interest comes in spasms, symmetry is wanting, and the welding is bad.

The authors have, apparently, essayed to write a very strong story in the fashion of one of the smart dialogues now so fashionable. This is not a bad idea, but it must be carried out with superlatively fine skill, or else the effect will be patchy. It is patchy in "When a Man's in Love," very patchy. The play is officially described as a "comedy"; it is nothing of the kind—it is a "drawing-room melodrama," a species of work which, at its best, is among the most effective of any of the dramatic forms, for it gives us the thrills and the intensity of ordinary melodrama, with the conviction and the naturalness which come from chastened language, the absence of heroics, and the restraint of art. But "When a Man's in Love" is not good drawing-room melodrama, and bad drawing-room melodrama is no better than melodrama of the spontaneity variety.

In the centre of London nowadays we want everything to be probable, and we want all the action to spring from character and motive. The development of plot must come from something within the characters which move in it, not from without. To make it dependent upon a mechanical toy is carrying the fault to the extremest verge. And that is what Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Edward Rose have done. The charming and attractive hero of their new play is rescued from his dilemma—his very serious dilemma—by the vagaries of an automatic camera. He has intentionally, and with a most excellent motive, cheated at cards to cure a young man of his folly and to show him how easily he may be robbed. As a safeguard to his own character, he writes a letter previously to a man he regards as his friend, telling him of his scheme. This man, a rival in love, when appealed to, denies all knowledge of the letter, and so Captain Hilliard is branded as a card-sharper. The trifling faults of his senseless procrastination in telling the woman he loves—for whom really he is doing this thing—of his little plot, and the very obvious and amateurish way in which the dramatists gloss over this flaw, might have been excused, but when the *deus ex machina* which solves the trouble is a self-acting camera which takes pictures of anyone at any time and develops them instanter, when these pictures are thrown on a screen in view of the audience and we are treated to a magic lantern entertainment in a "comedy," then it is time to protest with all our might and main, and to asseverate with all our strength that it will not do, that not even the two good dramatic moments of the piece should save it from the verdict of artlessness and crudity.

There are two good things in the play: the first, the supposed unmasking of the sharper, and his horror at the situation; the second, the forcing of the truth from the traitor by a clever *coup de théâtre*. For the picture the "autophoto" has taken is not a picture of Perceval Dekker burning the letter he said he had never received, but is merely that of a lighted candle. On the fact that this candle is alight in broad sunshine, and that it was taken during the time that Dekker was alone in the room, his victim builds up the theory that he by this means destroyed the portentous document. Without saying so in so many words, Hilliard, before witnesses, makes the scoundrel believe that the camera acted at the moment when he held the letter to the flame, and that the picture Hilliard has in his hand is damning evidence of the crime. It is cleverly done.

But, except for these two incidents, there is very little in the play. The love interest is very shadowy and vague, and this

fault is the more glaring because the authors have drawn particularly attractive characters in Lady Mary and Captain Hilliard.

In one respect "When a Man's in Love" is irreproachable—it is most delightfully played. Mr. Paul Arthur as Hilliard, Mr. Dion Boucicault as Dekker, and Miss Marion Terry as Lady Mary, made us almost forget the poorness of the material on which they were working. Miss Irene Vanbrugh was quite fascinating as the amorous grass-widow; she and Mr. Nutcombe Gould rendered more than endurable the somewhat silly intrigue in which they were engaged.

B. L.



IT is hinted that the tragic note will predominate in the new Criterion play, and that we are to see Mr. Charles Wyndham lay down his life, as he has laid down his love, for his friend. The scene being laid in mediæval Genoa, opportunity will be afforded for a picturesque setting somewhat novel to the essentially modern Criterion, where, of recent years, only "David Garrick" and "Wild Oats" have interrupted the prolonged sway of the frock-coat and the swallow-tail. That Mr. Wyndham will cut a pretty figure as a great noble of this time and place goes without saying; and if it be true that he is to die at the finish, it will only be a development along the serious lines the actor has followed since the far-off days when frivolous farce had its headquarters at the Criterion.

In contrast with the stately Cæsare, who will probably give his name to the play, we shall have the young cavalier, played by Mr. Kyrle Bellew, for friendship of whom Cæsare resigns happiness and the world. This, too, should prove a most interesting performance. One scene alone, the exterior of a gorgeous palace, provides the setting for Messrs. Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson's play, and on this all the arts of the stage are to be expended. Altogether the advent of the new piece should be one of the most attractive things the Criterion has yet given us, and it has given us a good many.

Yet another sequel should be written of the adventures of "The Three Musketeers," for even Dumas himself never imagined more complications and adventures than have befallen them during the past few weeks. Mr. Hamilton's version at the Globe has been the target of many arrows of fortune, first one and then another selection of the central figure being decided upon. Before these lines are in print, the world will know whether the great success of Mr. Hamilton's play at Camberwell has been duplicated in the West End of London, and very soon the stately version at Her Majesty's will be presented. All the alarms and excursions in reference to these pieces have proved, of course, splendid advertisement. Never in the history of the drama, I suppose, has such an endless fire of publicity been given for so long a period to any play. The consequence is that the box offices of both theatres have been besieged by playgoers anxious to test for themselves the rival merits of the dramas of Mr. Sydney Grundy and Mr. Henry Hamilton, and before the houses have opened the public has been clamouring for seats.

Mr. Hamilton's version we know; it is a spirited and rattling panorama—to use Mr. Grundy's excellent word—of all the chief incidents in the novel. The interest is maintained from first to last by the slap-dash enthusiasm of author and players. It is not a play in the severe sense of the word, but a capital entertainment, in which, at Camberwell, there was not a dull moment. From Mr. Grundy we expect—and rumour says we shall have—something different. While his piece is also full of spirit and colour and movement, he has not essayed to put into his play more than a few incidents from the book. This should allow him to develop character and give a more defined and cohesive treatment to the incidents he has chosen than was possible in the other. But perhaps we had better leave closer comparisons until we have seen both adaptations.

The news that Mr. Wilson Barrett is collaborating with Mr. Robert Hichens in constructing for the stage the story of "The Londoners," the novel by Mr. Hichens, is most interesting. No one was unkind enough to judge Mr. Hichens' capacities as a playwright from his share in "The Medicine Man," which was merely a mistake. We are all ready, nay, anxious, to give him another chance, and there could be no better comrade-in-arms than Mr. Barrett for such an adventure. We are bidden to expect a play quite in the lighter vein, and this in itself lends an element of curiosity, when we remember that Mr. Barrett's most important stage work by far was "The Sign of the Cross." But Mr. Hichens' talents and style would seem to lend themselves much more readily to lightness than to the metaphysical and psychological intricacies of "The

"Medicine Man," and Mr. Birrett's constructive powers and knowledge of the stage should not only be a tower of strength to their joint work, but should be a considerable safeguard against mere flim-flam. "The Londoners" has been a most successful novel, let us hope that that success will be equalled in the theatre.

It is good news to learn that we may hope to see Mr. J. M. Barrie's play much earlier than we had dared to expect at the St. James's Theatre, where Mr. George Alexander's plans are made so far ahead that it seemed we might have to wait years for the next stage effort of our great humourist and sentimental. But the dramatist found a way for the manager out of the *impasse*. Despite the prejudices against the morning performance, Mr. Barrie voluntarily suggested that his work should be done at a series of matinées, and to this Mr. Alexander gladly assented. So, while "The Ambassador" is still playfully touching our hearts at night, or, perhaps, while we are in the midst of the Wars of the Roses "In the Days of Old," Mr. Barrie will be playing alternately upon our lachrymal glands and risible muscles in the morning.



A HUNT BREAKFAST.

A HUNT breakfast is an important function from a gastronomic point of view—more important, I fancy, to the men guests than a wedding breakfast, because the chances are that many of them have ridden some distance and arrive with a keen appetite. However hungry a man may be, he can appreciate dainty food, and a hunt breakfast is a good opportunity for showing your neighbours, from far and near, how well you can do things. But avoid over-elaboration, as anything of the kind would be incongruous; and for this reason I cannot pretend to strike out any very original line in the following suggestions.

MENU.

Raised Pies.
York Ham, glazed with Aspic.
Spiced Pressed Beef.
Galantine of Veal.
Roast Pheasants, stuffed with truffle farce.
Braised Turkey Poults.
Savoury Game Patties.
Aspic of Oysters.
Aspic of Foie Gras.
Sandwiches (various).
Cakes of different kinds.
Apples. Pears. Grapes.

Champagne. Sherry. Port. Whisky.
Brandy. Grant's Hunters' Cherry Brandy.
Ginger Whisky. Mineral Waters.

I need hardly point out that most of the above-named dishes will be found in any good cookery book, but I will give a recipe for the one which is most elaborate:—

RAISED PIE.

Cut one and a-half pounds of lean veal cutlet and the meat of two well-hung pheasants into small square pieces. Melt a quarter of a pound of butter in a sauté-pan, and put in the veal and pheasant; add a teaspoonful of minced onion, salt, and pepper, and let the contents of the pan simmer for twenty minutes, stirring constantly. Then turn the cooked meats on to a plate, and prepare a farce thus:—Pass eight ounces of raw veal and the livers of the birds through a mincing machine, and mix with three ounces of finely-chopped veal suet; season with celery salt, cayenne, and pepper, and a very little powdered mace. Put thirteen tablespoonsfuls of water into a saucepan with one ounce of butter, and directly it boils stir in, by degrees, six ounces of fine flour; work this with wooden spoon over the fire until a perfectly smooth thick paste is formed. As soon as it leaves the sides of the saucepan it is ready, and may be put on to a plate to cool. When it is quite cold, pound the panada in a mortar; add the raw veal and suet, and pound again. Then stir in two eggs, one at a time, a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, the grated rind of half a lemon, five cockscombs, six truffles, and a dozen large champignons, all minced. Take the contents of a terrine of pâté de foie gras, cut it up into small pieces, and put it aside with four ounces of lean ham and half a pound of tongue (cooked) which have been cut into strips.

Make a paste for the pie as follows:—Rub half a pound of butter and four ounces of lard into one and a-half pounds of dry sifted flour (to which a pinch of salt has been added), and mix to a smooth paste with as little water as possible. Roll out the paste to about an eighth of an inch in thickness, and cut a piece to fit the bottom of the raised pie mould, then cut another piece rather larger for the cover. Then roll out a long flat piece of paste to go round the sides of the mould, which should be wide enough to come about an inch above it. Butter the mould thoroughly, and when it is closed, place the oval piece of paste for the bottom in position, and brush it over with white of egg; line the sides of the mould with the strip cut for the purpose, pressing it well into the pattern of the mould, and joining it carefully with white of egg.

Cover the bottom and sides of the paste with a layer of the forcemeat, and then put in a layer of the cooked veal and pheasant, scattering over it some of the prepared foie gras, ham and tongue; then cover with some of the forcemeat, and so on until the mould is sufficiently full for the meat to be raised in the middle. Brush over the paste cover with white of egg, and put it on, taking care to press the edges well together. Ornament the cover with leaves of paste, and make a small hole in the middle, in which a large rose made of

paste should be placed when the pie is done. Put a buttered band of foolscap paper, about five inches wide, round the top of the pie, so that it stands three inches above the pastry.

Bake it in a good hot oven until the pastry is browned, and then let it cook more slowly, taking altogether from two and a-half to three hours. Just before removing the pie from the oven, brush over the top with yolk of egg, and when it has had time to cool pour through the hole in the top rather more than a gill of savoury meat jelly which has not quite set, then put the rose in place (which should also be glazed), and when the pie is quite cold remove it from the mould.

DECORATING THE TABLE.

Elaborate schemes for decorating the table for a hunt breakfast are numerous; but to be well carried out they need to be arranged by a professional hand. We have heard of stuffed animals being used in the midst of a floral array, and even of top boots filled with flowers appearing on the table (!), but in my humble opinion the idea of introducing animals—except in the form of viands—is, to say the least of it, unap-*pe*tising, and the boots are suggestive of an exaggerated Cockney metaphor, such as could only emanate from the florid imagination of a London florist. It is by no means difficult to get an effective arrangement without eccentricity, provided a little time and thought are devoted to the matter. The following is a suggestion which can be well carried out by clever fingers: A centre-spread of white satin (or silk) should be cut to suit the shape of the table, and should be decorated at intervals with groups of hounds and huntsmen, copied from some of Caldicott's books, painted on it. The spread should be edged with a double ruche of red and white mouseline de soie, and in the centre a large piece of quaintly-shaped scarlet pottery should stand, filled with an assortment of pure white chrysanthemums, tinted foliage, and asparagus fern. At intervals, all down the table, vases—preferably the kind known as "daffodil tubes," in a large size—of scarlet pottery should be placed filled with white chrysanthemums, foliage, and asparagus fern to correspond with the centre ornament. The scarlet pottery can be procured at several "art" shops in London which go in for providing such wares. The menu should be written on white folded cards painted to match the table centre.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.



THE pleasant drip of the rain from the eaves at night, the fresh smell of damp earth, and that indescribable scent of hunting in the early morning, made our hearts light as we went out to meet the Quorn at Roe Hoe. The going could not be said to be good. The ground was in much the same state as it is after a hard frost when the thaw first begins and the earth is still hard underneath with a film of greasy soil at the top. The clay of the Roe Hoe, out of which a horse usually draws his feet with a squelch, was only slippery. But from time to time a cheer from the huntsman told us we were really hunting at last, and the ringing notes of the hounds that there were cubs in the woods. "Just an ordinary morn'g's cub-hunting," we said, and "it is as well, for no one could ride to-day." But when we reached Parsons Thorns there was a sharpness in the chorus that spoke of scent. The fox broke and turned back, and hounds flashed out, only to swing right on the top of their fox. What a burst! and before we have realised what is before us the pack were racing along after their fox towards Hickling Village. But on that greasy grass, with fences as blind as in summer, riding was out of the question, though from the high ground the Vale of Belvoir spreads alluringly. If it were possible to go, we should not see the Master and Tom Firr opening gates or looking for early gaps. Yet that is what we do see. Where those two go there is never any shame in following; besides, there are Lord and Lady Harrington, and Mr. Lanciot Lowther and Lord Newark, Mr. Sherriff and the Messrs. Knowles, all men who, like Mr. Asheton Smith, "love to be with them when they run." By this time hounds, running beautifully, have got a long start, and we saw them swing to the right as though for Sherbrooke's covert, and then crossing the hill for Upper Broughton, just a few white specks in the distance, while an occasional mocking chime came down the wind. After this we saw no more and had to ride by hearsay. "All you, they're a long way afore ye, they *was* running too; I expect they've ketched him by now in Dalby Wood." The information pointed to the line being in the direction of Dalby Wood. Now you know that Parsons Thorns to Dalby is one of the sweetest lines a fox can take in Leicestershire—but to go by road! Such are the little ironies of hunting. A good fox, a screaming scent, a perfect line, and we could not ride a yard. Just twenty-four hours' more rain, and—but it is no good to think of it; let us console ourselves with looking into the stable, and while we wince, be glad that the good horses' sinews are unsprung. Nothing but a miracle could have saved a horse ridden to hounds over that line. Just sixteen years ago, over somethin' of the same line, hounds pounded their field and got away alone. Of the small number out to-day, two, Lord Newark and Mr. Knowles, would remember the unseen run of February, 1882. Yet Monday was but a taste of the ill-luck in store for us.

On Tuesday hounds were in the forest country, and at or near Cathill, Firr was going to his hounds, which had just found a fox. One of the rough stone walls was on the line; on the still treacherous surface the horse's hind legs slipped in the very act of taking off; he fell sideways on the wall, and the rider was heavily thrown. Fortunately the kennels were not far off, and the huntsman was thus able to be taken to his own house. Two doctors

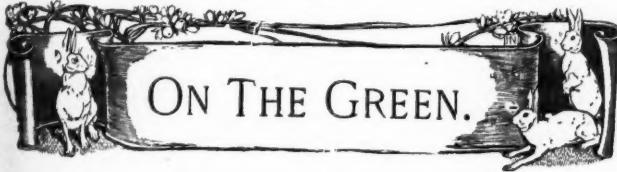
were soon in attendance, and Dr. Bond, of Leicester, was telegraphed for. By the evening Firr recovered consciousness, but still it is to be feared is in a dangerous condition. Last year the Quorn huntsman had a fall and injured his head. With the huntsman laid up and his first whipper-in disabled, Captain Burns-Hartopp will need all his pluck to carry on. Somehow we all think he will rise to the occasion. It is not necessary to say that the greatest sympathy is felt for Tom Firr, an incomparable huntsman, whose merits no praise can exaggerate.

To the misfortunes of the Quorn the brilliant prospects of the neighbouring country, of which Mr. Fernie is the popular Master, in no conventional sense are a contrast. They have F. Earp for their new first whipper-in, and there is no better servant in Leicestershire. The most important coverts in their country are in the best hands, and three places which have changed tenants have all come into the occupation of lovers of the sport. If anyone will glance at a map he will see how fortunate a country must be which has Lord Churchill at Rolleston, Mrs. Belville at Stoughton, and Mr. and Mrs. Mark Frith at Wistow, thus securing a more than careful consideration for hunting at three most important points of the hunt.

No one could grumble at rain, but I am bound to say that sitting outside Glooston in a downpour while hounds tried to hunt cubs in a scentless covert was not cheerful. Both here and at Blaston there are plenty of foxes; but everyone who knows the country knows that. The great thing is that we are now able to hunt there. We have all heard the old saying about riding to covert in Leicestershire being better than hunting, but it is a solid fact that there are few countries where sport in the season is as good as Mr. Fernie's cub-hunting if—for there is an if—you have good horses and a bold heart. To appreciate the fare set before you, you must ride. A Quorn man remarked to the present writer: "You may get over four fences in Fernie's, you *must* fall at the fifth." Yet it is a beautiful country, and if you pay it a visit bring a stout horse, a bold horse, and one, above all, that is good at timber, and let your own heart ever be on the further side of the fences. As a general rule I am in favour of riding slow at fences, but in this country you must go a fair pace at them. As a consequence, you ought to have two horses out or make short days. Nothing takes it out of a horse like going fast at fences with anything over 12st. on his back.

It is always a trial for a first whipper-in to have to hunt hounds, even when they know him and he knows the country. It is all the more credit to F. Gabbets, our new man from the Eastbourne, that he should have killed his fox on Thursday, and handled his hounds well. The Eastbourne is a particularly well-managed little hunt, and Brocker, Colonel Cardwell's huntsman, is a good man, under whom a whipper-in can learn his work. It is a great thing, too, that Gabbets was able to be out again, as this was his first appearance after his fall.

X.



THEKE have been very nearly "wigs on the green" in America over the question whether you may move a falling tree in a golf match. "It depends on the size of the tree" is the opinion that we have seen given and are very ready to endorse. If the player and his caddie between them can move the trunk, it is legally as removable as the smallest twig; why not? But if it is of such size that they would have to call in other assistance, then this is implicitly forbidden by the rule which forbids you taking advice from any but your own or your partner's (in a foursome) caddie. The match in which this point was raised was the final of the ladies' championship of America. Miss Beatrix Hoyt was the winner this year, as she has been in the two previous years of this champion-hip's institution. Her third successive victory thus puts her equal with Lady Margaret Scott, who won the ladies' championship of Great Britain in each of the first three years of its institution. Miss Hoyt's opponent in the final, the victim of the fallen tree tragedy, was Miss Wetmore; but whereas this lady was four down with four to play, if we read the account aright, when she fell under the tyranny of King Log, it does not look as if the trunk made much difference in the result. Both ladies, we are told, played fine golf, and the match was a close one at the outset. Only at the end did Miss Hoyt run away with her long lead.

Mr. Booth was in great form at the meeting of the St. George's Club at Sandwich. On the first day he was round in 81 gross, which won him the scratch prize, not only for that meeting, but also for the best gross return at any meeting throughout the year. At a nett 79 he tied with Mr. Balcombe for the handicap prize, a tie which he successfully contested by the result of the second day's play. On this second day he was round in a gross 88, which Mr. Mure Fergusson just beat with an 87, and the two thus tied for the scratch aggregate prize of the meeting, Mr. Fergusson having scored 82 to Mr. Booth's 81 on the first day. For the second day's handicap prize there was a tie between Mr. F. W. Thompson and Mr. T. Brown at 85 nett. Mr. Booth has for several years past been working up or down to the scratch mark, and by this sweeping of the board, and winning of a scratch prize against a good field, has fairly earned his right to the honourable and onerous rank of a scratch player.

The open amateur competition at the new green at Barton Court ended in favour of Mr. Lawson Scott, of the Monifieth Club, winning with 100—10=90. Several tied for the second place. In some good foursome matches on the green in the afternoon, Mr. Haviland and Braid lost to Mr. Burrows and Harry Vardon, and Captain Corse Scott and Taylor were beaten by Mr. Thomas and A. Herd. It is very evident that this Barton Court green is no ladies' course, for in the professional scoring competition—won, as usual, by the ever-victorious Vardon—not a man of them could do better than 84. This was Vardon's winning score, with Herd in close attendance on him, followed by Braid, Taylor, Jack White, and the rest of them. On the last day of the meeting the tie for second place in the amateur competition was played off, and ended in favour of Mr. Cripps. Then they finished up with a ladies' competition, of which Miss A. Ballantine was the winner with a score of 118—4=114, and Mrs. Ames second with 123—2=121. Miss Tryon, playing from scratch, was round in 125.

Of other recent competitions the following are perhaps the most interesting:

The Cinque Ports tournament, in which Mr. Butler beat Mr. Fisher in the final heat by two holes; the tournament of the Leasowe Club, where Mr. John Ball is in the final play with Mr. Houghton, and has to give thirteen strokes—a heavy penalty; and the meeting of the Burnham Club, in Somersetshire, where Mr. W. Houldsworth won the scratch medal easily enough in 72, Mr. Archdale scoring a win for the club handicap with 80—3=77. At Bushey Hall the open amateur prizes went to Mr. F. W. Graham for best scratch score, and to Major Rumsey for lowest under handicap.



THE Crystal Palace Dog Show, now to be reckoned amongst things of the past, though possibly not the biggest, may certainly be regarded as very nearly the best, event of its kind that has been held. A plethoric entry by no means entails that the dogs which compete for the prizes should be the best of their respective breeds; but in the late Kennel Club Show both quantity and quality were present in abundance. Mr. Edwardson, the manager of the exhibition, is likewise entitled to the highest possible credit for the satisfaction carrying out of all arrangements, his task being made all the easier by reason of the assistance he received from the Crystal Palace authorities and from Spratt's Patent, who attended to the benching and feeding of the dogs.

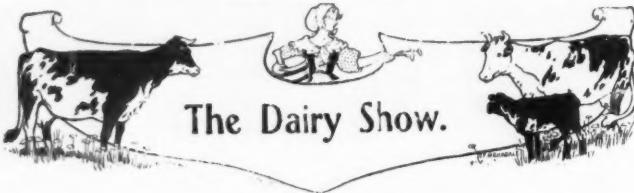
It will, therefore, be realised that a writer who has to deal with such a show is beset by many difficulties, for with such an *embarras de riches* before him it is hard to know where to begin and where to end when a notice is compressed within the limits of a single article. Fortunately, however, the fact that Bloodhounds occupied the place of honour in the catalogue assists in making a commencement easy, as Mr. Brough and his hounds were no doubt the heroes of the show. Amongst his team was the typical Benedicta, perhaps the finest specimen of the breed alive, and, generally speaking, the entry was a very good one. Not so, however, was the case with the Mastiffs, which despite the efforts of a few still devoted friends are steadily decreasing in numbers and in those properties which endeared them to the pioneers of dog shows; whilst on the other hand the St. Bernards, not to mention the Great Danes, are holding their position very well. The popularity of the Borzoi since it has become the fashion of the day is, of course, extending greatly, and with such specimens on view as H.R.H. the Princess of Wales' Alix and the Duchess of Newcastle's Tsaritsa before him in the ring, Mr. Walter Evans, who judged, had not to look far for his prize-winners. It is scarcely probable, however, that he found things so pleasant in the Deerhound classes, as these good old Scottish hounds seem to be losing style, and approaching too closely the narrow boundary that divides them from the Irish Wolfhound.

The Pointers and the Setters are never exactly what might be called strong classes at the Crystal Palace, possibly because comparisons invidious to the London show can generally be drawn between them and those appearing at Birmingham; but yet in justice it must be said that many of the best-known show dogs of the day were upon the benches at Sydenham. Miss Reston's Pointer, Devonshire Dan, for instance, has won prizes galore for his old mistress, Mrs. Lee Bulled, whilst Major Moreton-Thomas's Llether Pride and Arch Pedro, the latter a winner of the Field Trial Derby, are of course well known; but still a stroll round the benches on Tuesday and Wednesday aroused reminiscences of such veterans of the past as Mr. Whitehouse's Hamlet and Mr. Lloyd Price's Waggs, to say nothing of Mr. Norrish's Saddleback; and men conjectured what such dogs would have done with the *fin de siècle* champion Pointer. The case of the Setters was better than that of the short-haired dog, but still most of the prizes went to standing dishes, the element of novelty being sadly wanting; but things were far better than was the case a few years ago, when the English Setter classes were cancelled owing to the paucity of support received. Spaniels were this year remarkably good; and so were the Retrievers, Mr. Shuter's Champion Darenth finding his way once more to the top of the flat-coated class, in spite of the fact that he is within a few weeks of being ten years old.

Fox-terriers, of course, were a great feature of the show, Mr. Francis Redmond securing both the championships in smooths with Don Cesario and Dona Fortuna, two admirable specimens of the modern Terrier; whilst in the wirehairs Mr. George Raper found still another good reason for not regretting that he had to pay £250 for Go Bang, as that excellent dog won him the champion prize. The Collies were also an unusually fine collection, even for the Crystal Palace, at which the entry is invariably a strong one; and no mistake was made by Mr. Craven when he selected Mr. Megson's £1,500 purchase, Ormskirk Emerald, for the highest honours, but the second prize animal in the class, namely, Mr. R. Tait's Rightaway, though not so perfect in head properties, pressed him rather closely in the opinion of many good judges, whilst in the puppy class the Rev. Hans F. Hamilton's Woodmansterne Tartar secured highest honours. Mr. S. Wilson's Bolton Woods Mixer added another championship to his already long score in the Irish Terriers, which were a very excellent varminty-looking lot, their admirers deserving every credit for having kept up the sporting character of their dogs, which is more than the owners of all Terriers can lay claim to.

Welsh Terriers also made a good show, the championship falling to Dr. Marsh's Cymro-o-Gymry, a very business-like, nice-sized dog, with an old-fashioned wear and tear look about him, to which the heart of the sportsman turned as suggestive of ferrets and work underground. Airedales, in which Mr. E. Mills, with Clonmell Maud, took the highest honours which Mr. Nichols could award, Dandie Dinmonts, and Scottish Terriers were all good; and the array of Bulldogs, although unproductive of any new bright particular star, was interesting if only on account of the first appearance of Mr. Guy Boothby's Black Watch since he has become the property of his present owner at the price—*on dit*—of £300. There could be no doubt, however, that the dog that took the championship of the Bulldogs, namely, Mr. Crabtree's Boomerang, won his place with ease, whilst Black Watch was only equal to securing third honours in his class.

The Crystal Palace Show is usually the happy hunting ground of the toy dog, and the present exhibition proved no exception to the rule, the most strongly representative varieties in this department being the Pomeranians and the Pugs. The toy Spaniels were excellent in quality, though numerically weak, whilst some exceptionally good Yorkshire Terriers were on view.



INTERESTING as was the Dairy Show which was held last week at the Agricultural Hall in all its features, there can be no doubt but that the most instructive part of the proceedings lay in the direction of the milking trials and butter tests. Of these the former, perhaps, may be regarded as of the greater public value, as the council of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, to their infinite credit, have framed such regulations for the guidance of their trials that nothing but an unforeseen accident can prevent the best milker from coming to the top. To commence with, all the animals competing have to be clean milked, to the satisfaction of the stewards, on the Tuesday evening, so that all may start upon equal terms on the succeeding morning, when the trials, which conclude on Thursday night, commence. Experience has also taught the council exactly what proportion of the points awarded should be apportioned to each merit, and how many should be deducted for each defect. In order to assist the judges in their deliberations, a table has been arranged, and when the particulars have been filled up the results become a simple matter of adding up the figures.

The age of each competitor, the number of calves she has borne, and the date of calving are supplied the judges, the latter being a necessary provision, as points are added or deducted according to the length of time that has elapsed since the calves were dropped. Then the weights of the yield of milk for each morning and evening are taken, and averages are cast. After this the milk is closely examined, the proportions of fat and solids being noted down, marks being given for the various constituents contained in each pail, and the necessary deductions being made; and upon the basis of the total scores the prizes are determined, it being understood that it is a milking trial, and not a butter test, that is being conducted. Were the latter in course of progress, there is every reason for believing that the Channel Island varieties would prove too good for their opponents; but under the provisions which prevail, the Jerseys and the Guernseys this year were badly beaten by a cross-bred, three shorthorns, one Ayrshire, and two red-polls.

The champion cow of the show was Mr. George Long's cross-bred red and white Guernsey shorthorn, of which the following is the score:—Age, 6 years 9 months 3 weeks, number of calves 5, number of days since calving 52. Her percentage—composition of milk—was: Fat, in morning 3·09, in evening 4·15, solids other than fat, 9·21 and 9·25 respectively, and solids 12·30 and 13·40. The actual weight of fat in pounds was 1·05 in the morning and 1·30 in the evening, the calculation of points multiplied by 20 being respectively 21·0 and 26·0, the actual weights morning and evening of solids other than fat being 3·12lb. and 2·90lb., the calculation of points multiplied by 4 being 12·48 and 11·60. This cow's actual score, based upon the above calculations, was for time since calving 1·2; for weight of milk 65·2; for weight of fat 47·0; and weight of solids other than fat 24·1, which gave her a total of 137·5 points, no marks being deducted for any cause. The second prize also fell to a cross-bred, namely, Mr. Merry's three-quarter-bred shorthorn, which had a score of 135·5, the third falling to Mr. J. F. Spencer's roan shorthorn, which had won in her class for good looks on Tuesday, her score being 134·4. The best of the Jerseys was Mr. W. McKenzie Bradley's Tuddie's Queen, which won premier honours in the butter test for the Jersey cow that yields the greatest weight of butter at any two of the following shows in 1898—

Bath and West of England Show, Tring Show, and the Dairy Show. Tuddie's Queen only scored 100·7 points in the milking trials; but some of her figures when compared with those of the winner form interesting reading. For instance, the champion's morning average weight of milk was 33·9, and her evening one 31·3, Tuddie's Queen's figures being 15·7 and 15·4 respectively, she having calved 133 days ago, whereas the cross-bred had only calved on August 27th. The big cow's points read as already given, whereas the Jersey scored for weight of milk 31·1, weight of fat 49·4, and weight of solids other than fat 10·9. In fact the Jersey, though her points for weight of milk were less than half of those obtained by the champion, beat the latter by 2·4 points for fat.

So much for the figures resulting from the trials at the Dairy Show, but a scarcely less interesting feature in connection with them is a comparison of the performances of the most prominent competitors in the classes in which they were judged for their looks, and in the trials themselves. For instance, the cross-bred champion milker got second prize on Tuesday before milked dry for the trials, whilst Mr. Merry's cow, second to her on the latter occasion, was awarded no prize at all. Mr. Spencer's shorthorn, Gaiety, third in the trials, was first in her class; whilst the second prize milking shorthorn, Mr. Birdsey's Cherry, whose score was 126·5, was not a prize-winner for looks, nor was Mr. Duckworth's third prize milker, Lancashire Lass. Tuddie's Queen failed to secure a premium in the Jersey class on Tuesday, although by Thursday night she had won the butter test and scored over 100 points in the milking trials; and many other equally interesting reversals of the judges' decisions could be supplied. At the same time there is no reason whatever for casting any reflection upon the ability of the gentlemen who judged the cows for their looks on Tuesday afternoon, as no doubt the conditions governing the competition influenced the awards to a great extent, and the first set of judges had no written data to go upon, but had simply to rely upon the appearance of the animals. Infallibility under such circumstances would be impossible; but the milking trials, in addition to the interest they created, have proved once more the truth of the old adage that practical demonstration is always more reliable than theory, a fact which prospective dairy farmers would do well to lay to heart.

Newmarket Trainers: Mr. F. W. Day.

AMONGST the list of Newmarket trainers who have had a good time of late must be mentioned Mr. F. W. Day, who trains for several well-known owners, and has especially identified himself with Australian-bred horses. Among these latter are that extremely useful mare *Acmena*, by



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Martini-Henry—Acme; Tornado, who landed in this country in very bad condition, and has never yet got back to his Australian form; Old Clo, who arrived at the same time as that good horse Survivor; the useful Form, who will win a nice handicap some day; and the chestnut mare Georgic. Of all these portraits will be found herewith, as also of that fine English mare, Airs and Graces, by Ayrshire—Lady Alwyne, by Camballo, who was bred by Captain Fife at Langton Hall, and subsequently bought by her present owner for 600 guineas from the Duke of Portland, who let her go under the impression

Meddler is not only a beautifully-bred horse, and a very first-class race-horse when he was in training in this country, but he has done so well at the stud in his new home that there was some very brisk bidding for him when he also was offered for sale on the same afternoon and in the same sale-ring as his sire. He was ultimately knocked down for 49,000dol., a little less than £10,000—a very good price considering how badly bloodstock has been selling in America for some time past, though of course he would be worth a good deal more in this country.

Gatwick is usually unlucky in the matter of weather, and last week's

October Meeting was anything but favoured in that respect. However, we had good fields and fair sport, and the attendance was by no means a bad one on the first day. Lord William Beresford, who has been having a rare time of late, provided the favourite for the Surrey Nursery in Manatee, who was of course ridden by Sloan. He ran badly, however, and finished nearly last. The winner turned up in the Marquis di Seramezzana's nice filly, Musetta, who is by that once speedy race-horse, St. Angelo. The Malton-trained Marthus was made a hot favourite for the Horley Handicap by the followers of William I'Anson's stable, and after making the whole of the running, he easily settled the pretty little filly Ayah, to whom he was giving 5lb. On the same afternoon there was racing at Gosforth Park, and a "jumping" meeting at Nottingham, though nothing of any special interest took place at either rendezvous.

On the second day of Gatwick the Mid-Weight Handicap brought about an interesting meeting between Brayhead and Foston. There was just a doubt about the latter getting a mile and a-half, in spite of which he was made favourite at 15 to 8, Brayhead being well backed at 5 to 2. The last-named took the lead below the distance, and won easily by three lengths from the favourite, with the three year old Invincible II, third.

Sandown Park racing is always bright

and interesting, and the management of this popular race-course are usually as fortunate in their weather as that of Gatwick are the reverse. Fine weather, a large attendance, and good sport were the features of the first day of the Autumn Meeting there on Thursday in last week. I have frequently written favourably of Mr. Lorillard's American-bred filly, Myakka, who is probably very nearly at the top of the tree among this season's two year olds. She looked like winning the Great Sapling Plate cleverly until inside the distance the Heartsease colt, to whom she was giving 12lb., came with a tremendous rattle, and the weight telling, made a dead heat of it. Many people thought that Madden had for once caught Sloan napping, but as the latter advised Lord W. Beresford and Mr. Lorillard to divide, it is more likely that the filly tired under the weight, and it must not be forgotten that the Sandown Park five-furlong course is a very severe one. I have good reason for saying that Fifeshire, who finished third, and who was giving 5lb. to the second, will some day make a useful colt, but Knickerbocker ran moderately, and Amphitheatre seems to have gone altogether the wrong way. For the Sandown Foal Stakes Cyllene naturally frightened away all opposition, and only Pie Powder, to whom he had to give 17lb., had the temerity to oppose him. It was naturally a mere exercise canter for Mr. Rose's beautiful colt, of whom I have always been certain, since I saw him first as a two year old, that he would be right at the top of the first-class as a three year old, and of whom I believe now that he is as good a horse as Galtee More, Persimmon, and St. Frusquin. What a pity the four were not all foaled in the same year. What a race we should have seen if they had all met, fit and well, in some weight-for-age event. The features of the Cambridgeshire betting during the afternoon were the partial return of Merman,



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Racing Notes

ONE of the best race-horses that ever went to the post in this country was unquestionably St. Gatien, and he was last week sold to go to America. The circumstances of this sale were rather peculiar, as when he was put up for auction at the Morris Park Race-course, New York, he was actually in this country at the Cobham Stud Farm. Certificates of his soundness and good health having been cableed out to Mr. Eason, he was put up and bought in at 5,500dol., but the reserve price having been shortly afterwards offered privately, he has changed hands, and one of the best horses ever foaled will cross the Atlantic at once. This is only one more instance of the perfection to which the International Horse Agency and Exchange have brought their system of international dealing in bloodstock, and few people are aware of the immense amount of business which is done by this firm in America and Australia. The reason why the Americans were anxious to have St. Gatien is of course accounted for by the success of his son Meddler as a sire in that country.



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NEWMARKET TRAINERS: AIRS AND GRACES.

"C.L."

Confirmation of New Rules.

AT the meeting of the Jockey Club held on the Wednesday in the Second October Meeting, Lord Durham is reported to have said that so far as he could judge "by the tone of the Press, there had been great general approval expressed concerning the alterations in the Rules of Racing" passed at the previous meeting. This is hardly to be wondered at, considering that a considerable portion of the Press has for years been clamouring for a reduction in the number of five-furlong races, and for some legislation with regard to the forcing and over-racing of early two year olds. The first of these reforms was first brought forward by Lord March, who, at the meeting held at the Duke of Richmond's house in June last, drew attention to the plethora of five-furlong races, and the non-existence of staying horses in England. I am one of those who believe that there are just as many stayers bred now as ever there were, only they are never trained to stay, whilst from the improvement of the breed point of view, it is worthy of notice that most of the finest and most powerful horses in training have usually been sprinters, and not long-distance runners. However, there is no doubt that long-distance races are by far the most interesting to watch, and it is satisfactory to see that the alteration of Rule 45, which was carried at the previous meeting, with the object of encouraging races of this description, was, after a prolonged discussion, confirmed.

With regard to two year old racing, the only member of the Jockey Club who seems to take a sensible view of the existing state of things is Lord Stanley. There is probably nothing which does so much harm to the breed in general as the over-running of two year olds, especially over long distances, and the early forcing of young thorough-breds which it entails. In the opinion of most people who understand the subject it was a pity that Lord Stanley's amendment, that two year olds should be allowed to run over four furlongs until the 1st of June, was lost at the previous meeting, especially as all the evils attendant on the starts for such events can now be obviated by the use of the starting machine. Lord Stanley again brought forward the same amendment, with the slight alteration of substituting May 15th for June 1st. Unfortunately this most sensible proposal was again lost, though what Lord Harewood meant by calling it a "retrograde" motion it would puzzle most people to explain.

The two things most required at the present moment being longer races for old horses and shorter races for young ones, it was so far satisfactory, and as much as we could expect perhaps, to see one of them dealt with on common-sense principles; perhaps the other may come later, and it is to be hoped that the Press will unanimously support Lord Stanley in his most laudable efforts to bring the matter forward. The notice of which he gave notice for Wednesday's meeting read as follows:—

"Two year olds shall not run with older horses before June 1st, nor

who had been knocked out to 33 to 1 the day before, and the continued run on Craftsman.

The most interesting item of the second day's racing at Sandown Park was the running of General Peace in the Sandown Autumn Handicap, especially as he had put the Cambridgeshire favourite, Craftsman, through his facings. Calveley started favourite, but ran moderately, and David II. and General Peace running a desperate race home, the judge was unable to separate them. This naturally made the supporters of Craftsman more than ever on good terms with themselves.

When first the weights for the Cambridgeshire were made public, it was impossible to help picking out Labrador as one of the best handicapped horses in the race. The Kingsclere horses have been out of form lately, however, and Labrador seems to have gone to the bad completely. He was clean out of his distance of course in the Grange Plate, run over a seven-furlong course, but even so he ought to have beaten Spook at even weights. Melange started favourite, whilst few people can have fancied Spook, who was beaten by Grace Skelton at Lingfield, though some people backed Labrador, although he had two days previously been beaten in his Cambridgeshire trial. The favourite having died out at the distance, Spook drew out and won by two lengths, Labrador outstaying Melange in the fight for second place, and finishing a length to the good. So ended racing under Jockey Club Rules at Sandown Park for the season of 1898.

The last day of the three was, as is usual at this meeting, devoted to jumping, and big fields were seen out for most of the events of the afternoon. Mill Girl beat Crystal Palace for the Handicap Steeplechase, and these are a pair that will pay for following during the season just begun. Mr. H. T. Barclay won the Handicap Hurdle Race with Glenbower, and the Three Year Old Hurdle Race went to Stream of Gold, who looks like making a very useful recruit at the timber-topping game. It is early yet, however, to form any conclusions from what we see under National Hunt Rules, and the season will have to be a little older before we can form any opinion as to what sort of sport it is likely to show us.

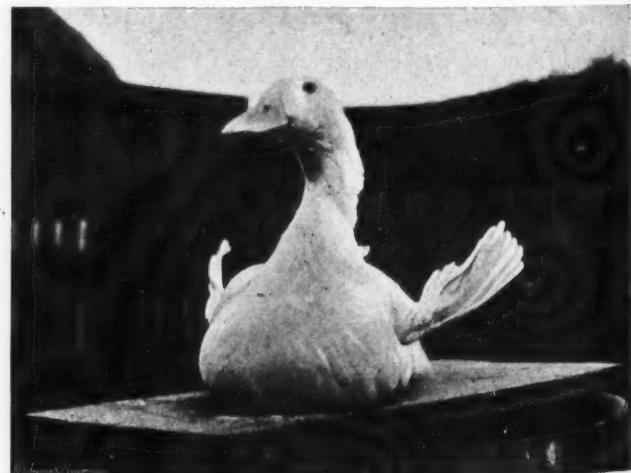
An afternoon's visit to Kingsclere on Saturday last, which always combines the two pleasures of seeing some of the best horses in training and a chat with one of the most interesting men connected with the Turf, showed Flying Fox and Frontier looking especially well, and there is no doubt we shall see them both earn brackets before the end of the fast-dying racing season.

more than six furlongs before July 1st, nor shall they run in handicaps before September 1st, nor in handicaps with older horses at any time."

In the opinion of many experienced racing men this hardly went far enough, but it was a decided step in the right direction, and it will be unexpectedly good news to me to hear that it was passed.

OUTPOST.

A Curious Duck.



THIS singular-looking creature was sold as a four-winged duck, but it has not really four wings. The extrusion of the primaries is due to some malformation of the bones at the extremity of the wing, the nature of which could only be ascertained exactly by means of a post-mortem, which the owner does not wish to take place as long as it remains as happy and lively as it is at present. It was found difficult to photograph till one of the legs was held; hence the reason of the sitting position.